NIXON'S VIETNAM **TRISTRAM COFFIN**

THE NATION

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GERMANY NO LONGER **SIDNEY DU BROFF**

Latin American Radicalism **ROBERT F. SMITH**

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LETTERS

mental hospitals

Topeka, Kan.

DEAR SIRS: I would like to express appreciation for Max Gordon's clear and objective presentation of the issues involved in the strikes against the mental hospital system in New York ["Emancipating the Mental Wards," *The Nation,* Dec. 16]. It was written with a rare understanding of the needs of both sides. *Dr. Alfred Paul Bay, Superintendent*
Topeka State Hospital

no slur

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I am delighted to learn that Claudia Dreifus regards the case of *United States* v. *David A. Gearey* (not "Gerry") as a "landmark in draft law" ["Which Memo? The Odor of Fraud," *The Nation,* Feb. 10].

I doubt very much, however, if either David Gearey or Antonio Fargas would appreciate being referred to as "draft dodgers" even in quotation marks. The whole point of the Gearey case was that a man could legitimately reach the conclusion that he is a conscientious objector after he received an order to report for induction. The receipt of the induction order can be the triggering mechanism which resulted in the final crystallization of a conscientious objection to participation in killing. . . .

The courageous young men who undertake this uphill struggle to have their consciences recognized—and face jail if they lose—deserve more of *The Nation* and its writers than to be called draft dodgers.

Marvin M. Karpatkin

P.S. I was, and am, David Gearey's attorney.

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The purpose of my article was not to accuse Antonio Fargas and David Gearey of draft dodging. Rather, it was to explain that someone high in public office was working terribly hard at obtaining convictions for draft violators. So hard, indeed, that he was willing to use fraudulent papers to send Antonio Fargas to jail.

In using the term "draft dodgers," I was sarcastically describing an attitude that is all too common around the Federal District Attorney's Office in New York. In no way did I intend to impugn the motives of Mr. Gearey or Mr. Fargas. I have the greatest respect for these so-called "draft dodgers," and if I were a male, I might indeed be one of them. *Claudia Dreifus*

Spanish exile

Given in part below is a telegram sent on February 13 to Secretary-General U Thant and signed by thirty-two American writers, artists and scholars, of which a few representative names are here given:

On February 1, *The New York Times* reported at least eighteen prominent economists, editors, lawyers and professors have been seized by the Spanish Government and sent to forced residence in remote villages in Spain. . . . Some [of those seized] have played a prominent part in the moderate and, until now, tolerated opposition. . . . The exile can last as long as the state of emergency—three months if not extended. . . .

This random seizure of some of Spain's most respected intellectuals as well as arrests of hundreds of students and workers is an unpleasant reminder of the early days of Nazi Germany and the totalitarian Spain of thirty years ago. . . .

Have these men been arbitrarily arrested? Have they

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EDITORIALS

The Tactic of Terror

The grenade-and-machine-gun attack by four Arab terrorists on an El Al airliner in the Zurich airport should dissipate "the climate of forgiveness" about which the Israelis complain. For if a preponderant world opinion criticized the Israeli retaliation against the Beirut airport for an earlier terrorist attack on an El Al airliner in Athens, opinion of equal measure and force should now condemn this latest act of terror aimed not alone at Israel but at the international community itself, or what is left of it. This latest attack, like the one in Athens, is an offense against the sovereignty of a neutral nation and a criminal act directed against civilians. In theory, the cycle of terror-reprisal-terror can escalate until it culminates in the disaster of another war in the Middle East or until, by some miracle of will and cooperation, the UN and the Big Four powers intervene.

The cycle is more dangerous today than at any time in the past. The Arab commandos have spread through most of the Arab world. More and more young Arab intellectuals have joined the revolutionary groups or work with them. In Jordan, the Palestinian refugee children have grown up. Some 25,000 Jordanians, mostly Palestinians, are attending universities. "It is out of this educated, politically conscious reservoir of the Palestinians," reports Donald Grant in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* "that the guerrilla movement against Israel has been formed." Andrew Borowiec reports in the Washington *Star* that, whether Jordan wants them or not, it has been swamped by Soviet and Chinese arms distributed, even to children, in refugee camps. Syrian, Egyptian and Algerian instructors are "indoctrinating the disoriented refugee masses by a network of commando camps and their slogans of victory."

The immediate objective of the acts of terror is to provoke reprisals. Strong reprisals contribute to the mystique of the movement; they are cited as proof of the commandos' ability to hurt the Israelis; this in turn builds popular support. As the commandos see it, the Israelis are already overextended and their problems will increase if they can be baited into seizing more land and holding it pending a settlement. In brief, the commando scheme—for the moment—is to lose, to be defeated, to suffer reprisals, to forfeit more territory, always with the thought in mind that in the end they will be able to destroy Israel. And as the terrorists gain prestige, the host governments are increasingly subject to their pressure. Hussein and Nasser have recently given what amounts to formal approval of commando activities. Thus even if they do not control the organizations, they can hardly deny responsiblity for their activities.

At the moment, the Israelis can, and will, defend themselves; they have a clear preponderance of power. But the long-range implications of the terror tactic must worry the most intrepid Israelis. In an interview with Donald Grant, Ben-Gurion stated the basic di-

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lemma. Israel had won three wars, he told Mr. Grant, but Nasser can "make a fourth war, a fifth war and if he is defeated, a sixth war. But if only once he manages to defeat us we will be finished. We are not going to destroy Egypt and all the Egyptians, but they can do it to us, so our position is not an easy one."

And it is not likely to get any easier. Since the Beirut raid the Israelis have shown commendable restraint and this latest act of Arab terror should swing world opinion back to them. But in the meantime nothing happens. The Big Four talks seem to have bogged down. The Security Council will not condemn the Arab governments because of the Soviet veto. So the Israelis are denounced when they take reprisal actions, but the Arab states escape the same formal condemnation for acts of terror. The world community "deplores," but does not act; the Big Four "talk" about "talking," and the UN succeeds only in discouraging its mediator. Not only has Israel shown admirable restraint but Premier Eshkol, in his *Newsweek* interview, struck a conciliatory note. However, the continued willingness of the world community and the great powers to tolerate the terror-reprisal cycle offers little hope for an early reduction of tensions, much less for significant negotiations between the parties.

'Selling' the ABM

Readers of Fred J. Cook's *The Warfare State* (which developed from a special *Nation* feature) will not need to be reminded that we have harped for years on the proposition that the Pentagon is far too deeply involved in "selling" its multifarious programs. Cook's Chapter 4, "Madison Avenue in Uniform," deals with this aspect of military prowess. As a general rule, he finds, the more dubious the product, the more intensive the public relations effort. On this principle, it is not surprising to find a massive push behind the current version of the anti-ballistic missile, christened "Sentinel." The campaign is described by Philip Geyelin in a February 16th *Washington Post* story titled, "U.S. Bid to 'Sell' ABM Told."

Last fall, Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor proposed to his superiors in the Defense Department an all-out effort to counter the opposition of such highly placed scientists as Dr. Hans Bethe, Dr. George Kistiakowsky and Dr. Jerome Wiesner to the Sentinel system. Although Resor's memorandum deals only with public relations, it was and remains classified, giving Defense officials a good excuse for not discussing it in any detail with reporters. What Geyelin has managed to uncover, however, leaves no doubt that every resource is being used to convince the public that millions of American lives will be saved if Sentinel is installed to intercept Chinese and Soviet ICBMs.

It is all there in the Resor package—the promotion of friendly magazine articles by leading scientists (although not usually as leading as Bethe, Kistiakowsky and Wiesner), intensive lobbying in Congress by high Defense officials, calls on local editors and publishers, a trans-

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portable display exhibit, films, taped interviews, invitations to newsmen to witness test firings (including trips to Kwajalein in the Pacific), widespread distribution of "information packets," coordination with aerospace public relations efforts on behalf of Sentinel, and every other gimmick of the make-'em-believe-it industry.

Senator Kennedy's announcement that he is setting up his own study of the ABM because the Department of Defense "Review" is in fact no review at all adds substance to our editorial assertion ("The Missile Pause," February 24) that citizens need an independent research organization in Washington to maintain continuous surveillance of the military budget. His charge that for too many years nothing has been available on Sentinel but official reports could be directed against many other items in the defense budget. Reports put out by such an organization would help the press, the public and the Congress to arrive at sound judgments of what is required, what is prudent and what is irrational. It would substitute sense and reason for pressure, particularly Pentagon pressure.

The Sentinel campaign is only the latest of such Pentagon machinations. This kind of tampering with the public's mind goes on all the time; it should be exposed and stopped. Nor should that be too difficult. No new Congressional committees are required. Senator Symington has a subcommittee in being which is free to go into this field, to dissect what is being done, and to analyze the effect on foreign policy of the creation, at enormous expense, of weapons systems that will never benefit anyone but the members of the military-industrial complex.

Deadly Moderation

Deceptively billed as a mere "change of name," the newly approved HUAC mandate clothes the committee with even broader and more substantive powers. The "Committee on Internal Security," as it is now called, is a full-fledged institutional member of the security establishment, with credentials rivaling those of its Senate counterpart. Under the pretext of curing constitutional defects in the superseded resolution of authorization, the committee has acquired new status.

Court decisions— in the *Watkins, Barenblatt, Krebs* and *Stamler* cases—had cast a cloud on the committee's mandate. When the new chairman, Richard Ichord, joined the committee, he announced his disapproval of the mandate as written, proposed that such terms as "un-American propaganda" be dropped, and raised the banner of "moderation." In 1968, Ichord and Rep. Del Clawson introduced the present "clarifying" resolution, but it came too late in the session for House action.

As part of its masquerade of moderation, the committee has announced a new set of rules which, though not materially different from the old, is calculated to attract support. The moderation package also includes a proposal that the House set up a special committee to screen all contempt citations—a persuasive sop to its critics. But while stating that the committee would in the future use moderation even in calling hostile witnesses for exposure purposes, Mr. Ichord took great care to propose that the committee be given contempt power to punish "misbehavior" by hostile witnesses in its presence.

The purpose of the new jurisdictional provisions (approved by the Rules Committee after a one-day private hearing) is to furnish the committee with an instrument to cope with the new radicalism. The enlarged resolution uses as a model the Internal Security Act, which makes a target of those seeking the establishment of a "totalitarian dictatorship within the United States." It adds even broader jurisdictional authority by including the power to investigate organizations and groups, "their members, agents and affiliates" which seek "alteration" in the United States form of government by "treachery" or "unlawful means." It has obtained power to proceed against members of organizations or groups who use "any unlawful means to obstruct or oppose the lawful authority of the government of the United States." It has obtained authority to investigate the administration of any law "or any portion of law" relating to the enormously expanded jurisdiction approved in the new resolution, as well as "all other questions" relating to its new powers. The purpose of this catchall provision is to give the committee "legislative oversight" not only over laws within its own jurisdiction but laws within the jurisdiction of other committees which "may have general jurisdiction over the whole or major part of said law." With the announced committee investigation of Students for a Democratic Society (Senator Eastland's subcommittee has also subpoenaed SDS members and files), the stage is set for a new witch hunt which may make us long for the bad old days before "moderation" took over.

'Basically Honest'

President Nixon led with his chin when he appointed Willie Mae Rogers to be White House consultant on consumer affairs. Miss Rogers was—and is—director of the Good Housekeeping Institute. Connected with the magazine of the same name, the institute purports to function as a consumer-protection organization. But even as the President was appointing Miss Rogers to this sensitive and vital position, Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal (D., N.Y.), in his capacity of chairman of a Government Operations subcommittee, was investigating the Good Housekeeping Institute and its Seal of Approval. He had already discovered—what had been known in the advertising and consumer-protection field for many years—that only products advertised in *Good Housekeeping* were eligible for the seal, that apparently few products so advertised had ever been denied the seal, and that to keep its seal a company had to agree to maintain a proportionate share of its total advertising with *Good Housekeeping*. This meant that if the company decided to increase its advertising budget, *Good Housekeeping* would have to get the same percentage increase, or more.

And here came Miss Rogers, to advise Mr. Nixon on giving the restive consumer a break. Moreover, she was to be an unpaid consultant, continuing to receive her

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salary from the Good Housekeeping Institute ($100,000 a year, according to reports). In Mr. Rosenthal's view, and in that of anyone interested in real protection for consumers, it was almost too brash to be true. He likened Miss Rogers to a fox in the chicken coop, and was joined in denunciation of the appointment by Sens. Harrison A. Williams, Jr. (D., N.J.), William Proxmire (D., Wis.) and Richard S. Schweiker (R., Pa.). Miss Rogers' position was made even more delicate by the circumstance that at least one product of which samples had been seized by the Food and Drug Administration was still advertised in *Good Housekeeping* and still carried the seal. Two other products were said to be under investigation. How, Mr. Rosenthal wanted to know, could Miss Rogers report on the vitality and efficiency of the FDA when products advertised in *Good Housekeeping* were being scrutinized by that agency?

Miss Rogers was of another mind entirely. She said at a press conference: "You've got to accept the fact that I'm basically honest." We hasten to do so. But there is more involved than conflict of interests; could a person of her background, experience and connections ever qualify as a protector of the consumer's dollar? Miss Rogers is convinced there is no consumer problem that business itself cannot be relied on to cope with, because it is in the interest of business to do so. But the growing and widespread demand for consumer protection refutes the assumption. Patently there is a consumer interest. It is not identical with the interest of all business, and it does need protection.

The incident shows that Mr. Nixon badly misjudged the strength of the new consumer movement. When the Rogers appointment blew up in his face, he quickly backed away. Miss Rogers was out of the White House office almost as soon as she was invited in. And knowing now what the public temper is, Mr. Nixon will hardly find it prudent to put another Willie Mae Rogers in this key post. He must name a person whose attitudes are seen to be sympathetic to the consumer interest. He is now in somewhat the same spot as when Mr. Hickel was under fire. Russell Train, a real conservationist, was appointed to backstop Hickel and to be the "conscience of the conservationists" in the Department of the Interior. Nowadays both conservationists and consumers are quick to spot foxes among the hens.

Twenty-Seven Billie Budds

On October 14, 1968, at about 7:30 A.M., a group of twenty-seven prisoners in the stockade of the Presidio of San Francisco left their formation, sat in a circle on the ground of the courtyard, locked arms and began singing *We Shall Overcome*. The Sixth United States Army decided this action constituted a "nonviolent mutiny."

The Presidio twenty-seven—most of them in the stockade for being absent without leave—hardly fit the popular conception of mutineers. Indeed, they don't even resemble those tough movie cons who used to hold the prison chaplain hostage until the warden agreed to open the gates. They are for the most part scared youths of about 20; in some cases they appear to be mentally disturbed and should never have been drafted in the first place.

The most immediate reason for their being scared that October morning was that another stockade prisoner, 19 years old, had been shot to death seventy-two hours earlier in what the Army alleged was "an attempt to escape from a work detail." The Presidio twenty-seven said they felt it was murder. There is some evidence that this man was mentally disturbed.

The trials of the twenty-seven got under way last month. The first defendant soldier was convicted after thirty-five minutes of deliberation by the court; he was sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor. Two more, aged 20 and 21, were given sentences of fourteen and sixteen years.

Assemblyman John Burton, of San Francisco, said the sentences are an attempt by the Army "to stifle the expression of legitimate grievances." American Civil Liberties Union attorney Paul Halvonik, who defended one of the men, said: "Military justice is to justice as military bands are to music."

In a sense the Army, rather than the twenty-seven, is on trial at the Presidio. It would appear that what one lawyer called a "military backlash" against the alleged mutineers could cause the Army to lose its case in the wider court of public opinion.

A Little Freedom

For the past year *The Nation* has been trying to keep the issue of the American bases in Spain high on the agenda of items with which the press, the public and the Congress should be concerned. Now the deadline is approaching.

Spain renounced the treaty covering American bases on Spanish soil on September 26, 1968. Since the treaty was negotiated, some $2 billion in military hardware has been given to Franco. In return for a renewal, he wants a higher rent and still more benefits. Unless a new agreement is negotiated by March 26, we have a year in which to dismantle our bases and go home, although negotiations might continue for a while after the one-year period had started to run.

In the meantime, Spain's internal situation has deteriorated. Some elements of the Franco dictatorship sensed the need for a degree of relaxation and, beginning in 1966, some slight easing of controls was started. It soon began to get out of hand and on January 24 of this year Franco cracked down. A national state of emergency was proclaimed and remains in force.

Much the same thing happened in Portugal when

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Salazar was stricken. His successor, Caetano, tried to create the impression that some liberalization might be in store. But as the Lisbon wisecrack has it, he signaled left while turning right. In Portugal, too, there has been a crackdown.

In Spain the rationale offered for bringing back the shackles was "the historic incapacity [of the Spanish people] to live together in freedom." It is the same old Franco line, voiced in this instance by an editor, Emilio Romero. In Portugal the trouble was "the beast within the Portuguese psyche." The same old quack psychology.

The fact is that, in part because of the influx of U.S. funds, the Spanish have been a little more prosperous. The bases contribute $300 million a year to the national income. Spain also has a $1.25 billion tourist industry. Spaniards working abroad send home another $300 to $400 million. Portugal also has a substantial income from workers abroad, tourism, etc.

Whenever improvement, however modest, occurs in a dictatorship, there results a general lifting of spirits, and politics begins to revive. Also, a new generation has come along to worry Franco. When people have had a taste of freedom, however dilute, they want more. This frightens the dictatorship, and not without reason. Franco observed the May upsurge in France and he is taking preventive measures. He fears an alliance of students and workers (since February 1 workers have been on strike in Bilbao). The Basques keep him awake nights.

As long as we maintain our Spanish bases and pay Franco tribute, we are in effect upholding the dictatorship and repressing the Spanish people. If we stay, and big trouble develops, the bases will be worthless—they probably are anyway. We will be caught in the middle, and a large sector of world opinion will blame us for supplying Franco with the arms with which he will try to reassert his authority.

March 26, then, is a date to watch. And it would be a good day to start getting out.

Big Deal

Some insurance companies are interested in buying the California State College system. The plan is endorsed by Sen. John G. Schmitz of Orange County, well known as a member of the John Birch Society. He thinks the insurance companies would be able to stop campus disturbances and would also help reduce the taxes of the good Californians. It would be, he said, "a multi-billion-dollar windfall" for the California taxpayer . . . though it might not look so good to him when he has to find the tuition for his children.

The California State College System comprises nineteen campuses and has about 125,000 students. It is estimated that in ten years this number will almost double. The advantages of selling the colleges to an insurance company, or a group of them, are not to be dismissed lightly. It would give a tremendous shot in the arm to the actuarial science, and to the business schools in general—which are quite ragged. Quality faculty could be lured to the system by promises of reductions on insurance policies, options on stock and similar inducements which corporations offer their workers. Parents can be reassured that their children will be "in good hands," in institutions as "solid" as the Rock of Gibraltar.

And there is no reason why the principle cannot be extended to the university system; it might even be advisable to sell the whole state. Howard Hughes is buying Nevada; might he be a prospect for California?

NIXON'S WAR IN VIETNAM

TRISTRAM COFFIN
Mr. Coffin is an author and journalist, based in Washington.

In a brightly lit Pentagon niche a sergeant performs a melancholy task: he adds the latest figures of American deaths in Vietnam to the grand total. There were 150 in the week of February 8, bringing the total to 31,562.

The Washington news gatherers tend to ignore the sergeant and his statistics in their fascination with the public relations techniques of President Nixon. Besides, the Administration is providing jim-dandy headlines—a trip to Europe, messages to de Gaulle on the Middle East, the tricky backfield shift on ABM, patriotic remarks on West Berlin.

The real story of Vietnam is that the United States has again escalated the war, in the face of disengagement from the other side. President Nixon has given in to the advice of his old friend, Gen. Andrew J. Goodpaster who, by report, is running the show from the White House. General Goodpaster, second in command in Vietnam, was called back for consultations with Nixon, sits in on all the conferences on Vietnam; his return to Saigon has been put off indefinitely.

The President has chosen to listen blankly to the realism of such old hands as Averell Harriman, Edwin Reischauer, McGeorge Bundy. Reischauer said recently: "Vietnam has shown the limited ability of the United States to control at a reasonable cost the course of events in a nationally aroused, less developed nation. . . ."

According to Republican legislators who have talked to Mr. Nixon, he apparently sees Vietnam as a problem in public relations and American politics. General Goodpaster has convinced him that victory can be won in Vietnam. The argument is drearily familiar. ("I fully expect the defeat of the Communist Union after six more months of hard fighting": Gen. Henri-Eugene Navarre, French commander in chief, January 2, 1954. . . . "With a little more training the Vietnam army will be the equal of any other army in its ability to combat the enemy": Secretary of the Army Wilbur Brucker, December 18, 1955. . . .

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"The militant march of communism has been halted": Vice President Nixon, July 7, 1956. . . . "South Vietnam is beginning to hit the Vietcong insurgents where it hurts most": Secretary of Defense McNamara, July 25, 1962. . . . "The war in Vietnam is turning an important corner. Government forces clearly have the initiative in most areas of the country": Secretary of State Rusk, March 9, 1963. . . . "I feel we shall achieve victory in 1964": Maj. Gen. Tran Van Dong, October 1, 1963.)

Nixon has allowed himself to fall for the fantasy, because of his own obsession with communism. Roscoe Drummond, a Washington columnist close to the new Administration, writes that Nixon "will not go for a fake peace, for a make-believe face-saving peace which for a few weeks or a few months might look like peace but which really would mean turning the South Vietnamese people over to the Communists at the conference table."

The President reportedly expects a military victory in Vietnam within a year or two. His job as he sees it is twofold: to razzle and dazzle the populace so that it will not complain about the sergeant's statistics, and to get the war over at least six months before launching his campaign for re-election. He also has a short-term goal. He hopes to put together by midsummer a relatively tough U.S. ultimatum for the Paris talks. Joseph C. Harsch writes in *The Christian Science Monitor* that his formula for Vietnam "should emerge sometime in July or August." The timing is significant. Nixon expects the U.S. military position to be so improved by summer that he can call the tune at Paris.

By report, the formula shaping up is not much different from the hard LBJ line, but with one grand concession to be announced with blinking neon lights and horns: the NLF will be allowed one place in the postwar Saigon regime—some post like commissioner of traffic lights.

The NLF, of course, will not agree to that, now or in August. It insists upon a new caretaker government, with equal representation for the Saigon regime, the NLF and the non-Communist dissenters. This would mean that airline flights from Saigon to Paris would be quickly filled with departing Thieu-Ky executives.

While President Nixon smiles upon the populace, ominous events are taking place in Vietnam. The order of the day is escalation. *The New York Times* reports that General Abrams has embarked on a new campaign "to extend South Vietnamese Government control over disputed areas and territory long controlled by the Vietcong." Another *Times* dispatch refers to "an accelerated pacification program which might be called a 'territorial security program.' "

The Washington Post, in a high-keyed editorial about this "absurd, futile business," recalls a series of events: after the bombing halt, North Vietnam pulled troops "back from the lowlands into the mountains; they have, in fact, disengaged their troops." The *Post* says some of the experts claim "that the basic decision was political, not military; it was a conscious act of *de facto* de-escalation. If that is what it was, the American response to it was all wrong." The editorial suggests that the enemy reaction to our escalation (I. F. Stone reports that the tempo of our offensive operations rose about 25 per cent in December over November) is a hardening of the line, and a decision to kick off a new offensive. An Agence France Press dispatch says the NLF has vowed to "push forward" in a general offensive because the United States "feverishly steps up the war and keeps piling up barbarous crimes against the people."

Another casualty of the Nixon escalation seems to be the Chinese "soft line." Late last fall, our China watchers in Poland sent word of a surprising development: Peking was willing to guarantee the neutrality of Southeast Asia,

Backes, Nuremberg

if we would wind up the war and pull out. This was not a humanitarian gesture but the result of some hard thinking by the Communists. China, expecting that it must eventually fight Russia, hoped to break up the possibility of a Washington-Moscow axis, which would pummel China from west and south. Peking's intelligence at that point was saying the United States wanted, above all, to get out of Vietnam with reasonable "face" and let the Asians run Asia.

This line has now been abandoned. A Peking broadcast on February 8 said that Nixon and "American imperialism . . . will step up its counterrevolutionary global collusion and make counterrevolutionary deals with the Soviet revisionist renegade clique."

The current escalation is bringing death and horror to South Vietnam. A Vietcong commentary quoted in the *Times* says, "On a single day the B-52s dropped 1 million pounds of bombs on a tiny area northwest of Pleiku." No matter what the military objective, 1 million pounds of bombs is an indiscriminate attack, in which a lot of inno-

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cent people are killed and maimed. The anti-personnel bombs, armed with metal pellets, are particularly indefensible.

With the accelerated offensive has come a crackdown by the Saigon regime on all moderate opposition. A *Times* dispatch quotes President Thieu as saying, "We will strictly and vigorously apply martial law to anybody—private citizen, politician, priest or monk—if he incites the people to revolt, if he tries to overthrow the Government, if he helps the Communists, or *if he does anything harmful to the national security.*" This hardly seems possible without at least the tacit consent of Ambassador Bunker and Washington. The aim is obvious—to destroy the middle ground and leave the United States with no choice between Thieu & Co. and the NLF.

The national police chief has invented a new category of crime, those "disturbing the minds of the population." According to the French press, hundreds have been arrested, a Buddhist magazine and French-language newspaper have been shut down, and an atmosphere of dark repression has returned to the city. *The Washington Post* states in another editorial, "From the standpoint of the United States and its interests, the harassment of dissenters is ominous."

Meantime, the acid of the Vietnamese War is dripping deeply into the American scene. The sergeant's figures may be ignored by the Washington news gatherers, but not by the people. The latest Gallup poll finds that 40 per cent list Vietnam as their chief worry, as compared to 17 per cent who list crime and violence.

Nixon's domestic chiefs find themselves increasingly frustrated by the heavy money drain of the war. The official budget figure for military spending in Vietnam alone this year is $28.8 billion, and the Pentagon probably underestimated the cost as usual, and will have to come sneaking back for a supplement. The money problem hits Nixon's presumed heir apparent, the 43-year-old Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Robert H. Finch. Unless he can get more money for education and welfare, his jurisdiction and reputation may go up in smoke this summer. But Finch runs up against Nixon's confidence that, by public relations stunts and diversions, he can cool off the domestic scene until his generals win the war. No President ever put so much faith in the PR game as this master of Checkers.

There is a direct relation between the war and student demonstrations, according to a suppressed report by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. It argues: "The primary cause of anti-war protest is the course of the war itself. . . . It is safe to say that by now the only effective countermeasure against the bitterness that leads to violence would be the termination of the war in Vietnam."

The armed services themselves are deeply, though privately, worried by an undercurrent of passive disobedience, dissent, mutiny and racial antagonism that grows out of the war. You simply cannot run an army with this kind of ferment.

A new youth ethic toward the military is emerging and could collapse the whole gigantic, futile military-industrial complex while the politicians and peaceniks argue and hold banquets. The ethic was enunciated by a young deserter, the son of a Pentagon official, in letters to his mother from a Swedish jail. In excerpts published by *The Washington Post* he said: "The North Vietnamese are fighting for a political point of view they think would be best for all of Vietnam. The same reason the Yankees fought in the Civil War. . . . But Americans are actually killing thousands of people in the small country of Vietnam to spread a political belief they like to talk about but never really get: freedom of this, that and the other thing. . . . If you want to be open-minded enough to see out of the plastic red, white and blue shell you are in, you've got to stop taking it for granted that people should kill. . . ."

Disturbing omens can be detected in the American economy. The consumer price index climbed 4.2 per cent in 1968, the biggest jump since the Korean War year of 1951, and the Department of Agriculture predicts higher food prices in the near future. In late January, the Nixon Administration, negotiating its first financial operation, had to pay the highest interest rate imposed on the federal government since 1865, the last year of the Civil War.

Signs as alarming are to be found in a study issued by the Joint Economic Committee, and blithely ignored by Washington news gatherers during their winter romance with Nixon. It shows that the Vietnamese War is contributing $4 billion a year to the balance-of-payments crisis. As the London *Financial Times* has consistently pointed out, this drain could pull down the West's monetary system at almost any moment. The United States narrowly escaped a showdown last year, when money from West Europe, frightened by the instability of the franc and pound, poured into America.

A study by Peter Passell, a young Yale scholar, also shows how the war has brought a basic change to America's position in the nonmilitary world market. American corporations have been so busy filling orders for the Pentagon that they have neglected the export market and even, to some extent, the domestic market for non-maiming goods. In 1966, our foreign trade position was $1.3 billion below what could be expected had we held our pre-Vietnam trading balance. This includes lost exports and the rise of non-defense imports. Since 1964, there has been a decline in the U.S. current account position of more than $6 billion. Passell says, "The Vietnamese War has played a major role in this deterioration."

To bring this judgment up to date, the Commerce Department said on January 30 that our trade surplus—the excess of exports over imports—plummeted from $4.1 billion in 1967 to $726 million last year. The Department also revealed that imports exceeded exports by $81 million in December for the fifth monthly deficit of the year.

Nevertheless, the end of this miserable war is not in sight. President Thieu said blandly at his Saigon press conference on February 6, "I can by no means assert that peace will come in 1969." President Nixon prepares to traipse off to Europe for more PR exposure via Telstar. (If he really wanted to sound out other heads of state, he has ambassadors and a State Department for the purpose.) And the sergeant in the Pentagon goes quietly about his doleful business.

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How We Look to the Third World

EQBAL AHMAD
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During America's first two decades as a superpower, its foreign policy escaped harsh judgments by foreign as well as native analysts. West Europeans were grateful for American help in surviving the menace of fascism, and acknowledged the success of the Marshall Plan in reconstructing their war-torn economies. Among the nationalists of Asia and Africa the United States enjoyed, in Wendell Willkie's words, an inexhaustible "reservoir of goodwill." Americans had waged the first successful struggle against colonialism, founded a nation dedicated to the exciting proposition that all men are created equal, and fought a civil war to uphold that principle. During the crucial years of Asian and African struggle for independence America had been our model; faith in its friendship was part of our rising expectations. As a schoolboy in British India, my first act of rebellion had been to substitute the phrase "American Rebellion" for the "War of American Independence" in a history reading class. Even Ho Chi Minh has regularly invoked the example of George Washington. An anti-imperialist, revolutionary United States was part of our nationalist mythologies.

Somehow that myth lingered on through two decades of disappointments. Richard Barnett has pointed out that between 1947 and 1965 the United States sent military or para-military forces, on an average of once every eighteen months, against local revolutions or nationalist governments of which it did not approve. It spent in excess of twenty times more money on its military operations in underdeveloped countries than on economic aid to the poor. At the same time its investments abroad grew from $7.2 billion in 1947 to $50 billion in 1965, and it consumed 60 per cent of the world's raw material. With each successive year, its war budget reached an all-time high. Yet, except for a handful of pacifists and Marxists, few Americans challenged the assumptions and goals of this policy. Total consensus on matters of policy is an anomaly in a democratic, pluralistic society; yet in this instance it lasted until the continued escalation of an undeclared war put intolerable strains on the country, and particularly on its young.

To us in the Third World, America appeared increasingly a *status-quo*-seeking, interventionist monolith, whose allies were the Samozas, the Diems and the Saigon generals who had once collaborated with colonial France and are now sanctioning the destruction of a people and country they claim to represent. In the crucible of Vietnam the myth of revolutionary America has finally exploded.

Or should we regard Vietnam as a unique aberration? That depends on one's perspectives and priorities. In the underdeveloped countries the uniqueness of Vietnam generally refers to the peculiar historical and political circumstances which permitted the Vietnamese people to resist American intervention in a manner that the Guatemalans, Iranians and Dominicans did not or could not.

Threat of Nationalism

The United States, the protestations of its leaders notwithstanding, has been, in effect, opposed to Third World nationalism—historically in South America, and recently in its client states. This opposition, however, has been manifest not in the initial stages of the demand for independence from Spanish, French, Dutch or British colonialism; but in the stage when a particular nationalism has begun to acquire a diplomatic, economic and social expression. American analysts are beginning to acknowledge the objective factors behind this fact. Nationalism appears to threaten the "interests" of those who are responsible for or exercise influence over government policy. The status and opulence of the military and civilian bureaucracy connected with the "national security" establishment depend on accumulating and expanding military power and political influence. Business interests which, in the absence of countervailing forces, exercise a near monopoly of influence on foreign policy, prosper under a policy characterized by overmilitarization and interventions in behalf of right-wing oligarchies hospitable to private U.S. investments.

In the recently emerged nations, by contrast, the diplomatic and economic expression of nationalism entails an independent and neutralist foreign policy, the rejection of foreign military bases and socialization of national resources. It threatens potential or actual American investments; it implies the loss of a potential or actual ally in the cold war; its revolutionary program appears dangerously similar to communism.

American tolerance for such a development appears to vary inversely with its political and economic investments in a country. In client states, like Guatemala, Iran and the Dominican Republic, the United States has engineered *coups d'état*, or mounted sharp, swift, armed interventions to suppress the expression of radical nationalism. In non-client states the development is tolerated if it occurs unexpectedly, or if a country turns radical, gradually and without serious challenge, under a popular leader. Egypt is an example of the first type; Tanzania of the second. But relations with such regimes remain reserved, often restrained; if local conditions permit, their subversion is encouraged, as it admittedly was in Indonesia (1957-1958) and British Guiana (1962-1963). In recent years there has been an inclination to encourage radical governments in zones of French influence; Tunisia is an

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example. But only among the Eastern European clients of Russia has America consistently welcomed and encouraged assertive nationalism.

Policy by Paranoia

The subjective but equally important factors which reinforce American policy in underdeveloped countries seem related to the following aspects of U.S. political culture:

The paranoid strain in American politics has been analyzed at some length by Richard Hofstadter. He states: "The distinguishing thing about the paranoid style is not that its exponents see conspiracies here and there in history but that they regard a vast and gigantic conspiracy as the motive force in historical events. History is a conspiracy set in motion by demonic forces of almost transcendent power and what is felt to be needed to defeat it is not the usual methods of political give and take but an all out crusade."

The deep hold among the people of an almost theological anti-communism, which the realists like Morgenthau, Kennan and Senator Fulbright have bewailed, becomes more understandable when viewed in this light. It also accounts for the easy and, until recently, total public acceptance of the official ideology. Like other powers which preceded it, the United States needed a rationale to police the world. A democracy claiming an anti-imperialist character would have found it particularly difficult to justify such a role on the ground of *Realpolitik*. The doctrines of historical necessity and moral responsibility combined to produce a compelling ideology whose most important single component is the constant invocation of the threat of conspiratorial communism.

A sense of power is congenial to any people. Its exercise becomes morally acceptable when it is felt to be directed in behalf of a noble cause and against a mortal threat. Officials contend that America was reluctant to assume the guardianship of the world; but the nation, come of age, could not shirk its historical responsibility of defending humanity against communism. History and metaphysics had crowned America to become, in John F. Kennedy's stirring phrase, "the watchman on the walls of world freedom." President Johnson echoed more sadly that "We did not choose to be the guardians at the gate." The stake in the struggle, according to President Kennedy, was nothing less than "sway over the destiny of man." The principal battleground was assumed to have shifted in the late 1940s to the poor countries. Hence, every important local event has global significance.

The mixture of globalism and paranoia produces a rhetoric so senseless and extreme that were it not uttered by serious and successful politicians, one would tend to dismiss it as irresponsible. Thus, in a letter to *The New York Times* (October 29, 1965) Mr. Nixon warned that "The victory for Vietcong . . . would mean ultimately the destruction of freedom of speech for all men for all time not only in Asia but in the United States as well. . . . We must never forget that if the war in Vietnam is lost . . . the right of free speech will be extinguished forever." Whatever opinion one may hold of the military-industrial complex or of economic imperialism in American foreign policy, it would be difficult to deny that such a statement by the most durable and successful of contemporary American politicians reveals more about the political pathology of this society than do the economic interests of its ruling class.

The conspiratorial view of history leads also to the habit of seeing historical events and social processes in *ad hoc*, technical terms. Even the social scientists are conditioned by it; the official literature on counterinsurgency is a case in point. Revolutionary warfare is seen essentially as a technical problem—that of plotting and subversion on the one hand, and of intelligence and suppression on the other. As the chief conspiratorial group, the Communists are believed to be the most likely initiators and beneficiaries of revolution. This belief produces a pessimistic posture toward a transforming world, and underlies the obsessive concern of the United States with stability and order in the countries under its influence, an attitude which led to the quashing of what was construed as the Dominican Communist conspiracy. A logical extension—the belief that any revolutionary movement is inspired, directed and controlled from abroad—leads to a ridiculously simplified puppeteer view of the world, which disregards the force of nationalism. Dean Rusk's famous description of China as a "Slavic Manchukuo on a large scale" is now legend. The belief in Washington, perhaps once sincere, that the National Liberation Front was a puppet of North Vietnam, which in turn was a puppet of one or the other of the larger Communist powers, may fly in the face of facts; but it has been held with tenacity by the government and is believed by most of the people.

Management of Dissent

Perhaps because its immigrant character necessitated the successful integration of diverse groups into the system, the American political culture is management oriented. Historically, group demands have been managed through political bargaining and selective rewards. Ideological and social dissent has been dealt with by coopting both individuals and ideas. Insofar as the society was endowed with expanding resources as well as an extremely mobile social structure, the politics of management within a pluralistic framework was possible. It was further facilitated by a basic consensus to which all aspiring groups tended to subscribe.

Yet the same forces which produced a flexible tradition of bargaining and cooptation also produced an overemphasis on the maintenance of a basic consensus—which could accept differences of opinion, but not cleavages—on how society was to be organized. Unmanageable dissent, therefore, has often met swift and ruthless repression in America. The IWW comes immediately to mind. Groups defined as being outside the political boundary faced extermination—as did the Indians; or were forcibly kept on the outer limits—as were the blacks. The result is an authoritarian superstructure, that allows for a well-defined but extremely permissive infra-structure. This cultural complex has important ramifications for American response to the stresses of social change in underdeveloped countries.

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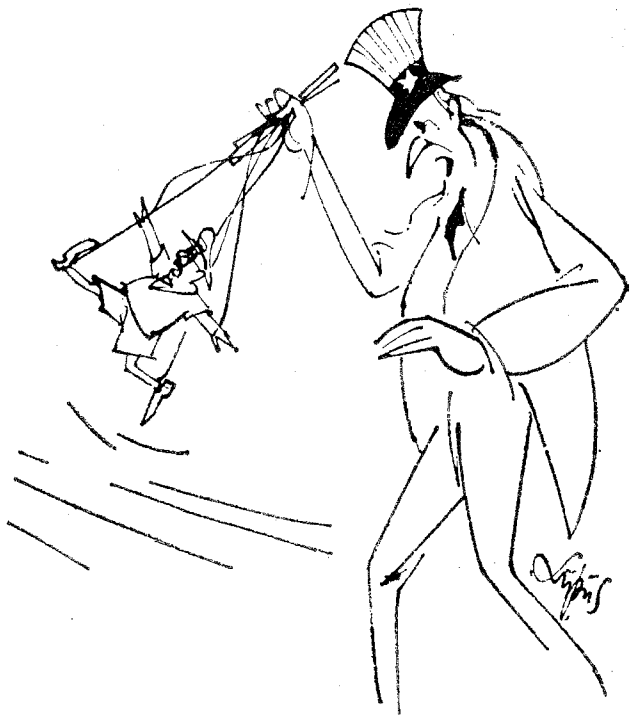
First, the Americans expect that the Asian and Latin versions of robber barons and party bosses will, out of self-interest, come around to introducing serious reforms and achieving an orderly resolution of the conflicts that arise from pressures for political participation and distribution of income. Washington therefore clings obstinately to the hope that institutions will be promoted and social progress will be achieved under a Diem, the Thai generals, or the Filipino politicians. But this optimism misconstrues the value system and class characteristics of the rulers in traditional and feudal societies: their concept of self-interest and their relationship to society, upon which their defense of the *status quo* is predicated.

Since rewards and bargains are essential aspects of the



domestic political style, the United States increases its economic and military commitments to client states in the expectation that these will be useful levers for political and economic reform. Yet students of American foreign aid have noted that in many countries American pressures for reform, backed by direct economic aid, fail to produce the desired reforms; but somehow expand the American presence, undermine the legitimacy of the native government, and sometimes culminate in military intervention on behalf of the defaulting client. This phenomenon, called "incrementalism" in academic parlance, results from transposing an American style and expectation of behavior to relationships with traditional or feudal elites whose techniques for assuring political and economic survival are often the exact opposite of the American.

The consensus upon which the American system of bargaining and boundary management is predicated does not exist in underdeveloped countries. It is likely to be particularly lacking in client states, since foreign alignments tend to exacerbate internal divisions. There is growing in the Third World a trend toward the radicalization of conflict. The imposition of modern technology and values is drastically altering social and economic configurations which formerly held discontent in the traditional societies within the boundaries of religiosity and rebellion. The countries are feeling a fundamental shift in the equation of human condition; it produces a shift from rebellion for limited goals to revolution whose basic aim is the transformation of all relationships—political, economic and social—between groups and individuals. As groups previously outside the political realm force their way into politics, the common man becomes politically relevant. For many newcomers to politics, this mass is their only capital. Politics, thus, ceases to be a mere struggle within a privileged minority for the spoils of power. It becomes a contest between the contenders of different social systems and political ideals. The opposition in such societies is frequently unmanageable because it does not share the values of an often ill-defined and sometimes unlegitimate authority.

When faced with unmanageable dissent of this nature in countries of its paramount influence, the United States inclines to intervene, responding according to the traditions of its domestic style. The opposition is defined as being outside the legitimate political boundary (it often does not matter if legitimacy as well as a defined boundary are absent). Paranoia seeks plausible enemies; radical nationalists, Socialists, all become Communists; "outside agitators" are repressed. If the clients are unable to defeat the opposition with American aid and advice, then direct intervention appears to be necessary. After listening to a State Department official's defense of Vietnamese policy at Tougaloo College in Mississippi, a black woman remarked that he spoke exactly like the white leaders she knew: people in the South were generally satisfied; trouble began only when agitators from the North infiltrated; there was Communist subversion. For the same reason Ambassador Nolting in Saigon "reminded" *Time*'s correspondent, David Halberstam, "of some white community leaders in Mississippi and Tennessee."

Latin American Extrapolation

Perhaps the most important single factor in influencing American style in the underdeveloped countries has been its experience in Latin America.* There radical nationalism has been the greatest threat to vested American interests. There the pattern of alliance with right-wing oligarchies was established and paid economic and political dividends. There even the practice of labeling radical nationalists as "Communists" developed long before the cold war had begun. (For example, in 1933 the American Ambassador in Cuba found the ill-fated Grau San Martin government "Communistic"; in 1937 Cordell Hull referred to a Mexican Government intent on nationalizing oil interests as "those Communists down there.") There, too, was confirmed the belief in the efficacy of violence as an instrument of foreign policy.

There has been a great deal of discussion in recent years of the part played by violence in American culture. However, I have seen insufficient analysis of the ex-

* See review of *Latin American Radicalism*, page 277.

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Punch

"I Say Bomb Them into Submission! It's the Only Language I Understand"

tent to which a belief in the efficacy of violence appears to be an important aspect of the historical outlook in the United States. As a newcomer, I was struck by the thematic consistency of films on American colonization, and the audience reaction to them. The whites are shown as a human grouping with all its diversities, emotions and failings. Tension builds up when a pioneer group, united by a common enterprise, is threatened by an invisible, elemental enemy. The Indian is an outsider, and dehumanized. One does not learn of his family life, hopes, fears and grievances. Indians come in hordes, screaming; white guns, strategically placed and skillfully fired, wipe them out. They fall in stylized movements which bring cheers or laughter from the audience. Efficiency and superior technology in the service of a mission overcome the Indian; violence is seen as an instrument of national purpose.

At first one hesitates to believe that this constitutes a fundamental source of socialization in America, but an examination of decades of school history texts confirms one's fears. They display some pity, but little self-examination; considerable chauvinism and self-righteousness. They may show some respect for the Indian, but only in his role as a noble savage. (The Negro, also an excluded group who suffered another form of violence, is denied even this honor.) But his extermination is accepted as the natural offering to manifest destiny. The destruction of a people and culture has become an object of public entertainment and children's games. Instead of deriving a sense of tragedy from it, America has institutionalized even its genocide.

The violence which has been practiced against the Indians or the blacks is not genocidal in intent; it is instrumental, political and ethnocentric. It is seen as a natural vehicle for the attainment of societal goals, especially when it involves confrontation with culturally and racially alien groups who are often perceived as inferior and expendable. The belief in the efficacy of violence, when reinforced by the feeling of racial superiority, augments interventionist tendencies, brutalizes the resulting conflict beyond legal or necessary bounds, and also produces miscalculation regarding the will and tenacity of the enemy. As an alien and colored people, Asians are particularly vulnerable, which is one reason why a rapid military disengagement of the United States from their countries will be highly desirable.

New Assumptions, New Goals

If the above analysis of the American political culture is valid, it points to the danger of continued interventionism, especially in the client states. It should follow that, if the dialectic of intervention is to be broken, scholars and policy makers must give attention to the manner in which the United States must disengage from direct involvement in underdeveloped countries. Such a disengagement need not be the result of isolationist sentiments. It must envisage a new role for the United States and new forms of relationships which will take into account the interests of both America and the underdeveloped peoples. Yet such a change in policy must necessarily be preceded by not only an examination of its assumptions but also a redefinition of its goals.

At the very least and without envisaging a revolution in America, one has a right to expect Americans to understand that the underdeveloped countries are undergoing a simultaneous triple transformation—social, economic and political—in telescoped time, and under the multiple pressures of colonial heritage and growing population. We citizens of these countries hope to avoid excessive civil conflicts, or regression into the colonial, racist, Fascist and Stalinist aberrations that attended the phased modernization of Western countries—even though they enjoyed the luxuries of time, superior psychological, economic and cultural resources, plus the opportunity of relegating to the colonies and the expanding frontier the tensions and ambitions produced by technology and social change. But we shall inevitably experience conflicts and disorders in the process of formulating our values and reconstructing our societies. The interest of the United States does not lie in influencing the outcome of such conflicts, but in preventing their enlargement into international wars and in reducing the extent of destruction.

Second, the United States might redefine its goals just enough to permit an operative admission that the world, particularly the parts inhabited by the dispossessed and the poor, is not a hunting ground for American business nor, more importantly, a dumping place for its surplus weapons. Third, one could reasonably expect contemporary Americans to understand that, just as it proved

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unsafe to have Harlem and Watts in their midst, the poor and the oppressed in a shrinking world will eventually make it an unsafe place to live. It is, therefore, a good investment to spend some money on, so to say, water power instead of fire power.

More specifically, this means that the United States must disengage militarily from and dismantle its bases in Latin America, Asia and Africa. It means also that the great powers must start negotiations to bar the supply of heavy arms to underdeveloped countries. Such an agreement is more crucial to world peace and well-being than the more dramatic issue of nuclear disarmament.

A plan for restricting military capabilities of the Third World can probably be enforced only in stages, for in certain areas—Korea, Middle East, India-Pakistan, etc.—it will be hard, initially, to obtain great-power agreements, and to assure reliable protection for the constituent states against aggression by an industrialized neighbor capable of producing heavy arms. Yet assuming America's willingness to exercise its leadership as a superpower in this direction, it is not difficult to conceive of several workable alternatives.

The United States, if it genuinely desires to help the poor, must shift its priorities. It could begin by offering favorable terms for international trade. Also, one-fifth of its military budget (i.e., more than $20 billion) could be shifted to developmental research and anti-poverty programs around the world. To avoid incrementalism and intervention, as well as to achieve maximum efficacy and freedom from diplomatic and political constraints, this benevolence would best be internationalized. A multinational Organization of International Cooperation, endowed by the rich countries to the tune of some $50 billion annually, would certainly mark the beginning of peaceful cooperation among divergent nations of the world. I doubt that even the USSR could long resist the pressures and prestige of joining this consortium of the rich, especially if the small European and nonaligned countries were given a prominent role in fixing the criteria for aid, thus keeping it somewhat free of cold-war diplomacy.

I am not optimistic that even these minimal expectations will be met in the near future. That being so, I feel that the poor countries will eventually be better off without *direct* American military and economic assistance, for American presence and intervention can only distort their development and enhance their sorrow. In America today the thoroughly discredited dogma of anti-communism is being replaced by the specter of isolationism. Although my country is on the receiving end and although I am fully aware of its misery, I feel no inhibition in acknowledging that I would rather live in this world with an isolationist than with an activist and interventionist America. But we may not have a choice.

EAST OF THE WALL

GERMANY NO LONGER

SIDNEY DU BROFF

Mr. Du Broff is an American author, resident in London, who frequently visits and reports on Eastern Europe. He also writes fiction, his most recent novel being Woe to the Rebellious Children.

London

A state now almost twenty years old, East Germany—the German Democratic Republic—is little known, little understood and little liked. Two important reasons contribute to this: the skillful and expensive press-agenting by West Germany, and the clumsy, rigid and unskillful East German presentation of themselves. While West Germany has been marketed and sold like a product, East Germany, deliberately isolated, is best known for the escape attempts of its citizens. These feats are often engineered under West German auspices; if the escapee winds up dead in the barbed wire, so much the better for the West German propaganda media. [See "Letter from Germany" by Leslie R. Colitt, page 283.]

West Germany, rebuilt after the war as a "bulwark against Bolshevism," is America's best friend in Europe, perhaps in the world. United States foreign policy requires a dangerous, belligerent, sword-rattling East Germany to justify the maintenance of troops in Europe. An enemy is the prerequisite of a war machine. America is the parent of West Germany and the policies of the two countries run parallel. They have very successfully branded East Germany as the outlaw of Europe.

West Germany, laying claim to all of East Germany, as well as part of Poland, does not really want unification since that would upset the delicate religious balance in the Protestants' favor. Russia has tried not to take the existence of East Germany too seriously; the Soviet Union is both afraid and jealous of it, and would probably be glad to exchange East Germany's present Socialist status for a unified, neutral, disarmed Germany. For the present at least, West Germany is not ready to make this kind of deal, though it may become increasingly attractive as East Germany's economic strength continues to grow. But economic strength is what Herr Ulbricht is depending upon to prevent such an eventuality.

Much of the animosity once felt toward Germany as a whole is now directed toward East Germany, not only from Western Europe but from East European countries as well. The Hallstein Doctrine lays down that countries which recognize East Germany cannot be recognized by West Germany. (Russia is an exception.) Thus Bulgaria, Hungary and Romania find their sister Socialist Republic

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an embarrassment when they attempt to conclude wider diplomatic functioning and increased trade relations with hard-currency West Germany, which is itself eager for these new markets. In 1966 East Germany was turned down for membership in the United Nations. To travel in the West, an East German must apply to the Allied Travel Board in West Berlin for permission, which is not granted lightly or often, and is frequently refused in an arbitrary assertion of power. If a visa should be granted, the holder may not say that he comes from the German Democratic Republic, the official name, but only from East Germany. Isolated, demoralized, harassed and threatened, the East Germans feel—and are—alone in a very hostile world. Their reaction has been one of bitterness and hurt pride, particularly in view of their considerable material progress.

A real split exists in the German Democratic Republic (the GDR) between young and old. Those of 35 and younger are very different from their elders. Many of them knew Nazism as children, then Stalinism, then anti-Stalinism. They are skeptics. If you, or Walter Ulbricht, says something, they will listen; then want you, or Walter Ulbricht, to prove it.

This new German is very un-German, pleasant to see and encounter. He is not rigid, nor dogmatic, nor a blind follower. Though the government told him he should support the Arabs during and after the Six Day War, he preferred the Israelis. He, and most East Germans, including party members, also supported Czechoslovakia last year, and some of them said so quite openly. This younger East German, more often than not, is a Socialist, aware of the advantages, which he feels are perfectly evident in his ordinary, everyday life. But he dislikes bureaucracy and in time will probably change it in a quiet, calm and orderly way, with hardly a pause to indicate that any change has taken place.

The young, who know the future is theirs, are waiting. In some respects they are impatient, angry because the government puts so little faith in them and their loyalty as to deny them unlimited access to the printed word from Western sources. They completely and entirely resent and reject this censorship, which they feel is a reflection on their ability to discern good from bad and right from wrong. At the same time, West German radio and television programs are readily received on multitudes of East German sets.

From a personal and practical point of view the East Germans see that huge housing units are going up in relatively short time, and that they are moving into them. Usually both husband and wife have jobs. There are nurseries for their children—the need is not fully met but is rapidly approaching that point and moving infinitely faster than in the other Eastern European countries. Up until 3, children are under the care and supervision of the Ministry of Health; beyond that, of the Ministry of Education. There is one nurse for every five children in the 3 and below group; you can count for yourself as you see the kids, beautifully dressed and clean, strolling slowly down the street, hand in hand with the nurse or the other children.

A couple will probably have a combined income of 1,200 to 1,400 marks a month—often more (a man's suit costs 125 marks and up). The stores are filled with merchandise of every description, priced within reason. Weekends, children and parents will usually be together, walking slowly along Karl Marx Allee, holding hands in a most loving, and un-German, manner. If there is a head of the house here, it is the child, who generally appears fully aware of his exalted position.

High school students are given a government grant when they reach the age at which they could choose to go to work. Starting at about 40 marks monthly and increasing appreciably as the students advance, it covers their expenses and eliminates the need to take money from parents who might encourage them to leave school and become wage earners. In families where there has never been a tradition of education, and only a regular pay envelope has real significance, grants are a concrete inducement to stay at school. Indeed, grants have become a keynote of recent East German domestic policy—bonuses and incentive payments are used to induce people to do more and to produce more. The effect has been quite startling, as a visit to any shop will prove.

Boys with long hair and stylish clothes walk up and down Karl Marx Allee in groups of two or more, often carrying transistor radios (the larger the radio, the more prestige; and the very "with it" ones are now carrying portable transistor tape recorders). The authorities do not appear to be disturbed by this display, though were the same young men to produce and distribute leaflets condemning the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, they would soon find that official tolerance is not very elastic.

The German Democratic Republic is the fifth industrial power in Europe, ninth in the world. Its population is only about 17 million, as compared with a West German population of about 52 million. It started with less than nothing—delivering what it could produce to the Soviet Union, at the same time that America's Germany was receiving massive aid. As late as 1960 the buildings on Unter den Linden were held up by long poles. Today Unter den Linden houses the new Soviet Embassy, smart cafés, an automobile showroom, the Chamber of Foreign Trade, fashionable clothing shops for men and women, stores selling furs, imported liquors and tobacco, leather goods and jewelry. East Berlin is the shopping center of Eastern Europe. Russians churn out of the revolving doors of the giant Warenhaus department store at an amazing rate, laden with suitcases and other packages. Poles, with the black-market dollars readily available in Poland, shop at the expensive store which specializes in imported French fashions. East Berlin will soon complete the tallest building in Europe, a television tower.

The government is liked; government popularity, particularly in East Europe, is usually based on the standard of living it is able to provide. Since the construction of the Wall, which put an end to the drain of currency and skilled manpower, the climb to prosperity has been steady. Freedom is a relative and abstract term, more significant to intellectuals than to a factory foreman who is figuring how long he will have to save to buy a car, taking into consideration his ever-increasing production bonuses.

Ulbricht is liked, if not loved. He is a remote figure,

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despite his appearances at farms and factories to shake hands and present awards. He is the old-fashioned German Papa, the head of the house who made the decisions which no one dreamed of questioning. But in this new Germany, Papa is head of the house only because the rest of the family approve of the manner in which he functions. Ulbricht, thus, is something of an anachronism. The young, encouraged perhaps by the externally enforced isolation, feel an urge to participate; among older people isolation sometimes has the opposite effect, making them unable or unwilling to take part.

East Berlin, despite its position, is a calm, tranquil and relatively tension-free city. It would appear to be a very normal sort of city—much like anywhere else. The citizens are annoyed because West Berliners, many of whom have relatives in East Berlin, cannot come across the border to visit, as they once did. GDR policy now is to consider West Berlin as an entity separate from West Germany, and to accord it the status of independent municipality. This is not acceptable to either West Berlin or West Germany. Hence, while visitors may come to the GDR from West Germany, West Berliners are barred.

Once you are inside the borders of the GDR, the ogre image suddenly disappears. The people, accustomed to foreigners from both East and West, including GIs and British Tommies sightseeing for the day, are without hostility, and will talk quite freely on the streets or in a café. The waiters, particularly in the better restaurants, remain the most enthusiastic proponents and practitioners of free enterprise—as well as the best argument against it; they are notorious cheats.

Desperate for recognition, East Germany has been thrusting itself heavily upon the coquettishly demurring Arabs, who do them the favor of accepting large amounts of aid. The Arab threat to recognize East Germany is useful in exacting more assistance from West Germany. Arabs are a luxury the GDR can afford without depriving its own people, but the misalliance will not go on forever, with the Arabs taking everything and giving nothing—not even recognition.

East Germany—the German Democratic Republic—would do itself a favor if it stopped calling itself Germany, either East or Democratic. It should change its name—divorce itself from its past, and emerge as a new and separate state, with many of the accompanying advantages. The West Germans, paranoid in their efforts to prevent any form of recognition for East Germany—including sports activities and UN membership—would be undermined. Besides, East Germany is not really German any more, and the new generation is proving it.

NO MORE SOMBREROS

THE CHICANO REBELLION

ROY BONGARTZ

Mr. Bongartz, author of Twelve Chases on West 99th Street *(Houghton Mifflin), has been a radio announcer, educational adviser, reporter and* Nation *contributor for many years. He is now a free-lance writer, specializing in travel, and wrote the following article on assignment from* The Nation *during a recent visit to California.*

Now it's the Mexican Americans—Chicanos, they are called in California—who are appearing on the scene of protest, with a self-evaluation that breaks radically away from the old, degrading stereotype of fatalistic loafer asleep under a sombrero. These young Chicanos are wide-awake, and when something happens, they intend to be the ones who make it happen. Militant Chicano student organizations are active throughout California, not only in colleges but in high schools as well, and they are growing in the rest of the Southwest: the Mexican-American Student Association, United Mexican-American Students, Mexican-American Student Confederation. They all make a central demand for courses in Mexican-American studies, such as are now available at San Francisco State College, Sacramento State College, California State College in Los Angeles, San Fernando Valley College and the University of California at Berkeley.

Teaching the course at Berkeley is Octavio I. Romano, an anthropologist, born in Mexico and raised in California, who wants to destroy the myth of the passive Mexican. He points out that Mexican Americans have been the main figures in the labor movement in the Southwest, that they published the first Western underground newspapers, that they have pushed through bilingual education in two states, that they clinched the victory for John F. Kennedy, that they have a strong influence on the Spanish language that extends into Mexico itself, even that they originated driftwood sculpture.

Romano's most energetic attacks are aimed at sociologists who are preserving stale anti-Mexican prejudices in the academic jargon of scholarly works. In place of "the Mexican is lazy," the academic (in this case Celia Heller) writes: "The combination of stress on work and rational use of time forms little or no part of the Mexican-American socialization process." Instead of saying that you can't tell them apart, she writes: "They exhibit a marked lack of internal differentiation." Referring to this and other writers of Chicano studies, including William Madsen, Ruth Tuck, Lyle Saunders, Florence Kluckhohn, Fred L. Strodbeck, Julian Samora and Richard Lamanna, Romano says: "Contemporary social scientists [are] busily perpetuating the very same opinions of Mexican culture that were current during the Mexican-American War. These opinions were, and are, pernicious, vicious, misleading, degrading and brainwashing."

Romano has some new ideas on how to give a college

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course. For one, students will think up a subject and assign it as a term paper to the instructor, then grade the paper and discuss it in class. Students' own papers must be presented in three versions—one in academic style, one in a "journal" style for possible publication in a Chicano review, and the last a newspaper version to be submitted to a local paper. Students writing the papers for publication will work directly with the editors. Members of the course may take a third of class time to address their colleagues on any relevant subject. It is Romano's hope that by using students' own ideas and writings the course may improve and grow in the future. Sacramento State is already planning a four-year program leading to a B.A. in Mexican-American studies.

But the Mexican Americans at Berkeley have not confined themselves to the classroom. A number of Romano's students are among the hundred-odd members of a student group called Quinto Sol, some of whom two years ago marched in upon hearings of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission in San Francisco to protest the exclusion of Mexican Americans from a program designed to recruit college students from minority groups. They also attacked the commission for having but one Mexican American on its staff of 350, yelling "Practice what you preach!" at commission members until police threw them out. Quinto Sol members invaded and occupied the office of the university president at Berkeley to protest the purchase of California grapes by the university cafeteria—student groups all solidly support the nation-wide grape boycott led by César Chavez and the United Farm Workers. The Chicanos were forcibly removed from the office and eleven of them were jailed.

Says one Quinto Sol leader, Nick Vaca, 24, a graduate student and an editor of a sharp new quarterly review called *El Grito* (The Cry): "The message our group wants to give is that the Mexican American is not docile. That idea of the 'sleeping giant' is an insult—it's that same old peon taking his siesta under his hat. Mexican Americans are not an *emerging* people. We're already here!" Bill Vega, 24, and John Carrillo, 27, who, along with Professor Romano, also help edit the review, agree that the Chicano is here; but they add ruefully that he is here in very few numbers at Berkeley—some 200 out of an enrollment of 25,000. Though they do not want to deny the Negro *his* chance, they have been forced to vie with him for benefits from the Educational Opportunity Program, whereby colleges recruit a certain number of minority students who cannot satisfy the regular academic entrance requirements and lack the money for college. Even though there are nearly twice as many Mexican Americans as Negroes in California, blacks in the Berkeley Opportunity Program outnumber Chicanos 9 to 1. The average Chicano has an 8th-grade education; the average Negro has ten and a half years of school (Anglos, 12.1 years) in California. Chicanos earn less money than Negroes; that is, less than anybody else in the state.

A little more than two years ago a conference was held in Berkeley to enable Mexican-American high school students from the Bay area who were interested in college to meet counselors from all the colleges in the state; the idea was to help them pick a school and find out how to go about getting admitted. Nearly 2,000 Chicanos applied to attend the conference, which had to be limited to 600 from lack of space. Two counselors showed up, only Mills College and Contra Costa bothering to send anybody. "We're facing a monumental indifference to the Mexican American," says Romano. "And they blame the kid in the *barrio* for being 'non-goal-oriented.' "

In the continuous political free-for-all at Sather Gate, Berkeley students wearing great Walt Disney pig heads rush a group of sign carriers in a noontime skit lampooning police attacks on militants over at San Francisco State. But Chicanos and their problems are invisible. *El Grito* is aware that Berkeley students are supposed to be radicals, but notes that they give Chicanos very little support. They don't back the grape boycott; they don't demand increased Chicano student enrollment. The editors believe that the Anglos are moved by self-interest and that the Mexican-American cause doesn't fit the pattern.

Chicanos have only a toehold at Berkeley, but they are more numerous at some other colleges. At San Jose City College, for example, the Mexican-American Student Confederation (MASC) recently organized a Mexican Week for both students and townspeople. It provided an art show, film festival, discussions, a show of regional Mexican clothing, a *charreado* (football match), and a horse show put on by Los Charros de la Plata Aspada (Silver Spurs). The climax was a talk by an old Mexican revolutionary who had fought with Pancho Villa and Zapata. Says one MASC member, Manuel Madrid, 23, "Our main goal is to orient the Chicano to *think* Chicano so as to achieve equal status with other groups, not to emulate the Anglo. A decade ago, the idea was that the Mexican American wanted to be totally assimilated into the American culture. But not now."

Drawings by Salvador Roberto Torres, El Grito

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A Mexican-American counselor named Angelo Atondo is on the scene at San Jose City College as a direct result of Chicano student agitation. "The attitudes of Mexican Americans toward themselves has completely changed since I graduated from college in 1956," he says. "We never spoke Spanish. We would have been stared at. There was a silent taboo against Spanish." He explains that San Jose is an "open door" college, with a two-year program that can lead to continued studies at one of the state colleges or can give a diploma in a wide variety of vocational fields, mostly technical. "A student can get in here even if he had straight Ds in high school," says Atondo. "We salvage many students that way."

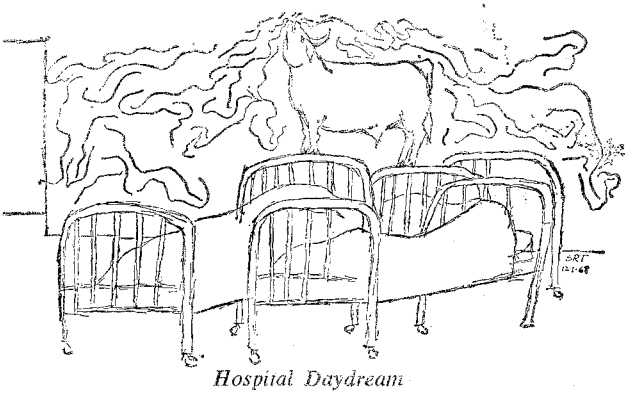
One student who dropped out of high school is Lee Polanco, now 31, a qualified electrician who bitterly recalls answering a help-wanted ad by telephone, being invited for an interview, and then, because he's a Chicano, being greeted with: "What do *you* want? Get out of here!" Polanco, director of campus activities in MASC, is studying social sciences. "We found that the colleges were paying attention to the blacks because they were militant, so we started to get as militant as the blacks," he says. His friend Manuel Madrid adds, "I hope we don't have to get as militant as the blacks. But if we have to, we will."

Polanco points out that of the 12,000 students at San Jose, some 1,200 are Mexican American, while 200 are black. But four courses are offered in black studies, and only one in a Mexican-American subject. Naturally the Chicanos want to adjust that balance. "We're being ignored," says Madrid, "but we want to work with the blacks."

Besides getting a counselor assigned to the college, the Chicanos succeeded in having a committee from their group screen the professor who teaches the one Mexican culture course; they even got some money from the administration for their Mexican Week. In addition to demanding more Chicano-oriented courses, including one in Spanish for the Spanish-speaking, they want free buses to town and back. Going beyond their own issues, they have held a vigil of sympathy for students at Mexico City who were killed or injured there by troops last year.

Manuel Madrid also dropped out of high school from discouragement. "The white kids knew you weren't like them. Talking Spanish was a 'no-no.' It gave us an inferiority complex." One of the most encouraging things about Madrid and other dropouts now in college is their concern for the young coming up behind them. They go out to the high schools to talk with Chicano students and encourage them to stay in school, and they intend to have MASC make this a part of its official program. Madrid, who may well realize that he's on his way, still says, "Let's get a little uncomfortable about our friends back there."

But these days there is much less apathy among the friends back in high school. Thirteen East Los Angeles Chicanos were arrested last May for organizing a boycott of their schools to protest intolerable conditions. In Livingston, fifty-three Chicanos skipped their high school classes on Mexican Independence Day, demanding it be made an official holiday. They also wanted the schools to



Hospital Daydream

hire Mexican teachers and counselors, and to offer courses in Mexican and black history. They wanted the double lunch periods ended—white kids at the first sitting; black and brown at the second. Police picked up the truants, although at harvest time, when the big local farms need extra help, the compulsory attendance law is ignored.

At Fremont High School, in Oakland, students demonstrated for weeks to demand a Chicano student union, and Mexican-American entertainment and speakers at assemblies. A Chicano group called Los Carnales at Redwood High in Visalia made twenty-one demands on the principal, including Mexican food in the cafeteria, mandatory attendance by all teachers at classes in black and Mexican culture, and a rule to keep police, probation and parole officers off the school grounds.

Though nothing enrages the young Chicanos more than to be called "emerging," the facts are not only that their political awareness (like that of all young people) has become greatly sharpened of late but also that their presence as an intellectual force is for the first time establishing itself. *Bronze*, a new militant paper at San Jose, deals with problems that haunt Mexican Americans. Writes Luis Valdez: "This is a society largely hostile to our cultural values. There is no poetry about the United States. No depth, no faith, no allowance for human contrariness. No soul, no *mariachi*, no chili sauce, no *pulque*, no mysticism, no *chingaderas*." Valdez sees a gloomy future for Mexican Americans who lose their identity in the cities: "They have solved their Mexican contradictions with a pungent dose of Americanism, and are more concerned with status, money and bad breath than with their ultimate destiny." But he does not despair altogether. "There will always be *raza* [the race, the people] in this country. There are millions more where we came from." Manuel Madrid says that the 50,000 immigrants who arrive every year from Mexico "give us all a shot in the arm."

Another student describes the strains of holding to a clear identity: "Sometimes you have to go to a Mexican show or a Mexican bar and be by yourself, to remind yourself of what you are. And then you . . . begin to see that you are becoming something that you are not and you know it. I had to relearn how it is to be a Mexican and what it is like for so many Mexicans to be poor in San Jose. *Hijo*, I was so dumb that I used to be proud to have Mexicans die in the war. I used to be so dumb that

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I used to think in college how beautiful it would be to pick *fruta* again and watch *la raza* work against the rays of the sun, that is how stupid I used to be."

A number of newspapers have formed the Chicano Press Association, which includes *El Malcriado* in Delano, *La Raza, Carta Editorial* and *Inside Eastside* in Los Angeles, *El Gallo* in Denver, *El Papel* in Albuquerque, *Inferno* in San Antonio and *Compass* in Houston. A note in *El Grito* says they are all "very relevant to Mexican Americans, Spanish Americans, Chicanos, Hispanos, Spanish-Speaking Latin Americans, Mexican-Latin Spanish Speakers, greasers, spics and bandits." (One of *El Grito*'s favorite targets is the way some *Tío Tomás* Mexicans try to dissociate themselves from *la raza* by using fancy group names: "a vacuous ethnic taxonomy," *El Grito* calls it.

By far the most impressive evidence of intellectual liveliness among Chicano students is to be found in the pages of *El Grito*, named for the famous "cry" of the Mexican Revolution. It grew out of publication by Quinto Sol, the Berkeley student group, of articles attacking social scientists; these were called The Mexican-American Liberation Papers, and were priced at $2 for students, $15 for federal agencies, $500 for governors of states and $15,000 for the President of the United States. *El Grito* first appeared in the fall of 1967, after the editors had each contributed $50 to $100 to pay the printing bill; it has been solvent ever since. The journal threatens its readers: "Subscribe now, or La Llorona will get you" (she's the witch who grabs bad Mexican children). The journal has been much helped financially by the fact that several of the Mexican-American college courses use it—900 copies, for example, go to San Jose State. But at Berkeley itself enthusiasm remains low; a mailing of 300 fliers brought in but one subscription. "Publishing in Berkeley is a real hang-up," the editors say.

The editors want to explore relationships between Chicanos and Mexico. They believe they can see philosophies of life that are very different here and in Mexico. They say the United States has a nationalistic ideology that develops "self-interest groups through a combination of political and religious affiliation." The Mexican idea, in their view, is much broader—people tackling moral problems as world-wide concerns, not just Mexican. The editors have published some work, and want to carry more, from the Mexican *nueva ola*—new wave—currently being produced by a café clique in Guadalajara.

Chicanos accuse both Jews and Negroes of nationalism. Writes Nick Vaca, "After viewing the effects of the nationalistic fervor in Israel, it is not surprising to note that it has been the Jewish merchant who has exploited and continues to exploit Negroes in the ghettos. . . ." Vaca is no more friendly toward the black, who, he writes, "is systematically 'putting down' his 'brown brother.'" The Chicanos were especially angered by a black teacher's remark: "While blacks were out protesting, Mexican Americans were sitting at home before their television sets, eating beans." Chicanos have much warmer feelings toward the smaller ethnic groups—American Indians, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Samoans and Koreans, and include them in demands for a fair share of educational opportunity.

A more encouraging aspect of *El Grito*'s point of view is its concern about aspects of American society that affect everybody. For example, they would like to do away with commercials in television and radio news broadcasts: "When a people have to wait for news of the world, for news of their country, and even of their own community, while mascara is peddled, then that people have lost the right to be called civilized." The editors would also put an end to Congressional hearings on local social problems: "It seems absurd, as we do today, to elect a man to Washington only to have him return to find out what problems exist. . . . People are electing representatives who do not know what is going on, and who then, at taxpayers' expense, must return in order to find out." *El Grito* also favors having the length of military service determined by income, and in wartime would draft industry, so that workers and management receive soldiers' pay.

The journal runs thoroughgoing pieces on the use of Mexican national workers in the border areas, which *El Grito* calls the Mexican-Dixon line, and one of its contributors has offered the pertinent suggestion that U.S. aid to Mexico should go mainly to raising Mexican income, along the border, and "not, as is happening now, to lowering the American to present Mexican levels." A joint border authority would take over the economics of these international communities. The journal prints some of its material in Spanish, and derides such continuing tenets as that of Theodore Roosevelt, who said: "We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house." The editors point out that many people "speak English somewhat colorfully," and suggest Lyndon Johnson, May West, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Wernher von Braun, Lawrence Welk, Everett Dirksen and George Jessel.

Excellent graphic work, both drawings and photographs, enliven the pages of *El Grito*. The clash-and-blend flavor of Mexican-American life is expressed in a renewed tradition of bilingual poetry in which lines of Spanish alternate with lines of English. They do not translate each other, but move the thought along in the two tongues.

Mexican Americans everywhere in the Southwest are feeling their oats, not only in traditional labor-movement unity but now also as students, writers, artists, teachers—as thinkers. A bilingual poem by John J. Martinez, a mathematics major at Berkeley, sounds the note:

brown power!
qué?
Together we must . . .
Si!
The problem . . .
qué?
It's your fault . . .
who?
I mean . . .
qué?
brown power!
testing, testing, testing
uno, dos, tres . . .

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A TIP FROM THE CONQUEROR

JUDITH T. YOUNGER
Mrs. Younger is an Assistant Attorney General of the state of New York and a former teacher of land use planning at New York University School of Law. The views expressed here are those of the author and do not represent the official policy of the Attorney General.

There are, according to the latest United Nations' count, 3.42 billion people in the world. Two hundred thirty-nine million or 7 per cent of them are in the Soviet Union and 200 million, or almost 6 per cent, are in the United States. The Soviets have one-sixth of the world's total land area, or 8.7 million square miles, to romp in; the American national playpen is less than half that size, 3.6 million square miles. Soviet and American boundaries, barring conquest or moon colonies, are fixed, but inside them the populations expand. Thus the need for land multiplies, and ever-increasing numbers of Russians and Americans clamor for more room. Take, for example, three of modern life's greatest consumers of space.

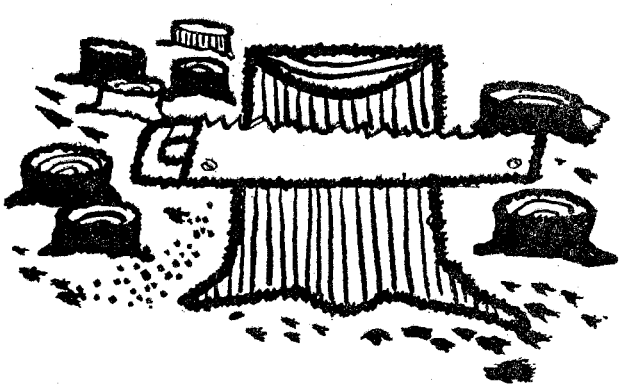
Housing. More and more land is destined to be occupied by housing. The Soviet Union is the third most prolific house builder in the world. It has been filling up acreage at an annual rate of ten new dwellings per 1,000 people, and last year completed 2.3 million new units. Despite this intensive building program, begun in the mid-fifties, available housing facilities still lag behind the demand. To meet future needs in urban areas alone, the Russian house-building rate will have to increase by more than 30 per cent in the next eleven years.

The United States boasts 342 dwelling units per 1,000 people as compared to 240 for the Soviet Union. It proposes, nevertheless, to build another 26 million homes in the next ten years. Even if this fantastic goal is met, a trend toward two-house families foreshadows unlimited need. A Bureau of the Census Survey reports that 1.7 million households (one out of every thirty-five) now have second homes and 300,000 more planned to acquire them during the two years beginning in April, 1967. As the number of dwelling units increases, so does their size. In the five years from 1960 to 1965, the average number of rooms per Russian dwelling went up from 2.8 to 3. There was a comparable rise in the United States, from 4.8 to 5.

Cars. A record 9.6 million cars were sold in the United States in 1968, with almost 73 million of known age already in use in 1967. Despite the almost 4 million miles of municipal and rural highway on which cars can travel, more land continues to be set aside for their use. Last year Congress added $14 billion to its already burgeoning highway construction fund, authorized 1,500 miles of "missing link" highways, launched a program by which the federal government will pay half the cost of demonstration parking lots built at the boundaries of business districts in cities of more than 50,000, and ordered the construction of the controversial Three Sisters Bridge and an eight-lane Potomac River Freeway in the District of Columbia.

If the Soviet Union now assigns less land to cars, it is only because it has fewer of them. Recent developments indicate that it is catching up fast. Next year, for the first time in its history, the Soviet Government will allocate funds under a separate budget heading for gasoline stations, car wash facilities, repair shops, spare parts suppliers, garages and other services associated with automobiles. Passenger car production—now about 250,000 a year—will increase fourfold when the $800 million Fiat plant in construction at Togliatti on the Volga River begins operations in the '70s. According to the magazine *Soviet Life*, private automobile ownership is already common enough to provide the subject matter of a current hit movie, *Beware the Automobile*, in which the hero insures cars by day and steals them at night; and traffic conditions are bad enough in Leningrad and other cities to warrant the installation of talking traffic lights which tell pedestrians when they may safely cross.

New Towns. In forty years from 1926 to 1966, the urban population of the Soviet Union rose from 26.3 million to 124.8 million; the rural population decreased from 120.7 to 107.1 million. Fifty-four per cent of the population now lives in urban developments; by 1980, the figure will grow to 70 per cent. Determined to avoid the "urban sprawl," characteristic of American cities, the Soviets, like the English, have adopted a policy of containing the growth of old communities and settling increasing numbers of the population in new ones. Thus from 1917 through 1965, the Russians built more than 900 new towns, 400 on completely new territory and 500 through the development and radical reconstruction of existing small settlements. Despite similar long-term population trends, new towns in the United States, unlike those of the Soviet Union, have been strictly private affairs. No one knows exactly how many there are, estimates ranging from 250 to fifteen, but President Johnson's Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations expressed doubt that "new communities actually incorporating significant residential, commercial and industrial features exceed fifty projects in all of the United States." In its April, 1968, report it listed fifty-three new towns in construction, covering 879,913 acres in eighteen states and ranging in size from 1,000 acres (Oxmoor, Ky.) to 101,120 acres (California City, Calif.). Whatever their exact number, new towns are likely to proliferate. Congress has given them



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its imprimatur, offering, in 1968 legislation, to guarantee bonds, debentures and notes of those brave enough to undertake their development.

Houses, motor cars and new towns are a few of the contenders for available space. Advocates of jetports, heliports, power plants, parks, universities, atomic blasting grounds, wildlife refuges, jogging trails, subways, dams, offices, industrial complexes all want more land for their projects. They are getting it, but not in the most suitable places; developing it, but not in the most beautiful ways; and using it recklessly, as if the supply were inexhaustible. This is a familiar story in America, where land development is the haphazard result of dickering between private landowners and a multitude of local governments endowed with the power to regulate them. Owners are interested in profits; local governments in satisfying those who elect them. In the last twenty years Congress has passed a host of laws, ranging from Title I of the Housing Act of 1949 to the New Communities Act of 1968, designed via financial incentives to teach owners and local governments to think in terms of the public good. The educational effect of these programs, judging from the ugly buildings, dreary roads, smog-covered cities and polluted waters which surround us, has not been impressive. Despite the deteriorating environment, few Americans would vote to scrap the present system of local land use regulation. They doubt that regional or central controls would yield anything better. The Russian experience supports them.

In the Soviet Union land belongs to the state. The government has absolute powers and public values are supposed to take precedence over private. Despite these advantages, the Russians have hardly made perfect use of their land. Rich farmland is allocated to housing and industry while nearby uncultivated acreage lies overlooked. Industrial enterprises build and mine but fail to take protective measures or rehabilitate the land. Thus, large areas of the country have been ruined through wind and water erosion and lost fertility. Arable land per capita declined sharply from 1.06 hectares in 1956 to .96 in 1966. The situation is worse in individual republics. The private sector (see "Russia's 'Private' Sector," by Margaret Miller, *The Nation,* September 23, 1968) continues thornlike to prick the governmental hide. Citizens farm their private plots intensively—these make up only 3 per cent of the country's total cultivated area, but produce more than half its eggs and potatoes and nearly half its meat and vegetables—to the neglect of less rewarding obligations on state and collective farms. Others grow rich on profits from illegal building, rentals and sales.

The Soviet Government has responded with a "new" scheme for determining priorities, allocating land and controlling its use. This plan, "Draft Principles of Land Legislation," as it is called, is based on an idea which came out of Norman England 884 years ago. The Russians, concerned for the future, have harked to William the Conqueror's "deep speech with his wise men" which resulted, according to W. F. Maitland, in "the mission, throughout all England of 'barons,' 'legates' or 'justices' charged with the duty of collecting" for the Conqueror, "from the verdicts of the shires, the hundreds and the vills, a *descriptio* of his new realm." In essence, the Soviet "Draft Principle" is the same thing as William's *descriptio* or "Domesday Book," as it came to be called. If the Russian plan, now being discussed throughout the nation, is passed as expected, the central government will be charged with compiling a nation-wide *descriptio* of the use, soil characteristics and economic value of every bit of land in the country. The ultimate product, a Domesday Book for the Soviet Union, will be the basis for rational classification, assignment and use of the land.

The idea of a land census—the Russians call it a *cadastre*—is a good one in these times of expanding population and diminishing open space. It seems particularly apt for America, where land development is becoming a profitable corporate venture. Companies which have never been in the field before are suddenly buying up land. They are acquiring large tracts, planning their use, and marketing to builders what J. W. Van Gorkom, president of Union Tank Car Company, calls a "complete package," including roads, utilities and zoning. This kind of program may be good for stockholders in Union Tank Car Company, Chrysler, Westinghouse, I.T.T., Gulf and Western and the other corporations that will join them in the land development business. The important question, however, is whether the rest of America can afford it. Large corporations are unlikely guardians for a dwindling natural resource. They are in business for profits. Land development, Van Gorkom freely admits, is expected to "yield ample rewards." Should big corporations be allowed to enjoy them? Perhaps. Corporate giants may produce better landscapes than do individual developers or national governments, and we may still have enough undeveloped land left to afford the experiment. But perhaps not. Corporate carelessness made a cesspool of the Connecticut River, defaced the Kentucky countryside and created the oil slick which at this writing is killing sea birds in the Santa Barbara Channel and threatening ruin to California's finest beaches. Whatever the decision, it should be an informed one. We ought to take a leaf from the Conqueror's book and arm ourselves, like the Soviet Union, with an up-to-date inventory of our land. Once we know what we have, we can perhaps agree how to use it.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 258)*

been advised of any criminal charges against them? Are they being subjected to cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment or punishment? Are they able to confer freely with counsel of their own choosing? Will they have a fair and public trial by an independent and impartial tribunal? Will they have all the guarantees of justice necessary to their defense?

These are among the human rights set forth in . . . the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the United Nations. . . . .

It is most fitting, indeed it is urgent, that the United Nations, and the Commission on Human Rights inquire immediately whether the Spanish Government is observing or violating the human rights of the men it has recently arrested. . . .

Hannah Ahrendt, W.H. Auden, Richard Hofstadter, Irving Howe, Robert Lowell, Hans Morgenthau, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Barbara Probst Solomon

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Latin America: Radical Interpretations

LATIN AMERICAN RADICALISM: A Documentary Report on Left and Nationalist Movements. *Edited by Irving Louis Horowitz, Josué de Castro and John Gerassi. Random House. 656 pp. $10. Paper $2.45.*

ROBERT F. SMITH
Mr. Smith teaches history at the University of Connecticut. He is the author of What Happened in Cuba? *(Twayne).*

For many years the standard textbook interpretation of the historical development of modern Latin America has remained essentially unchanged. Emphases may vary, but in general the history of the various republics has been presented in terms of struggles between modernism and feudalism, civilian and military, middle class and landowning oligarchs, and democracy and authoritarianism. We have been told ad infinitum that the inevitable, evolutionary road from "dictatorship to democracy" is dependent upon each nation attracting foreign capital in order to industrialize. As the latter takes place, an expanded middle class will take charge and insure democracy, stability, civilian government, and private enterprise capitalism. And, the threat of revolution will disappear forever. In short, Latin American republics (even when controlled by the military) are on the road to becoming just like the United States; except for aberrations such as Cuba. There are, of course, liberal and conservative variants of the orthodox interpretation, but these agree on the latter point.

Since the 19th century, numerous Latin American intellectuals and political activists have attacked these ideas and the ideology behind them. From Simon Bolívar to Fidel Castro such critics have rejected the conceptions that the *Estados Unidos del Norte* represented a model for all to emulate (willingly or not), and the fount of revealed truth in economics and politics. Some intellectuals and politicians have tried to reproduce what they thought they understood about the traditions of the United States and Western Europe. The great Cuban, José Martí, severely criticized these "Young men [who] go out into the world wearing Yankee or French spectacles, and hope to govern by guesswork a nation they do not know." The "emulators" are considered by North Americans to be friends of democracy, freedom and U. S. interests. For the most part, the critics and their North American counterparts (such as Carleton Beals and the late Waldo Frank) have been ignored or arrogantly dismissed by the higher echelons of our academic, government and business worlds.

During the last decade (thanks in large part to the Cuban Revolution) criticisms of the orthodox interpretation have received increasing attention in the United States. This volume of essays and documents is a significant addition to the bookshelf of dissident views. The specialist in Latin American affairs, through the expenditure of much time and effort, is probably familiar with most of the writers and views presented. But, in assembling these materials from a wide variety of sources, the editors have vastly simplified the task of locating relevant literature for the many nonspecialists who need to see the Latin American experience through the critical lenses of intelligent radicals. The editors are incorrect, however, when they claim that this is the "first documentary which singles out for special attention the role of the left in Latin America." *Latin America: Reform or Revolution?,* edited by James Petras and Maurice Zeitlin, was published last spring by Fawcett Books (95c). There is a little overlap between the two, but the interested reader should consult both since each fills gaps in the coverage of the other.

Irving Louis Horowitz (sociologist), Josué de Castro (geographer) and John Gerassi (journalist) present what they consider to be the basic themes in their preface. They conclude:

> . . . that the defining characteristic of Latin American radicalism internally is the need for social development; and that would mean the elimination of internal colonialism. But the basic international need is for political revolution; and that would entail the expulsion of foreign imperialism.

The need for fundamental structural change (socioeconomic and political) and the role of the United States in preventing such change are stressed in a number of the selections. But others deal with the first theme only and either avoid or disagree with the second. Some of the authors are convinced that revolution (the real kind, not that of State Department rhetoric) is the only answer to these problems, but others take the line of peaceful reformism. The latter writers do not venture very far from the orthodox interpretation.

The selections of the three editors constitute a very broad definition of the radical spectrum. It is apparent that they agreed to disagree as to the nature of radicalism, and this approach does convey the "pluralization within the left." The lack of precision in definition does pose a few unanswered questions. Are nationalist movements invariably radical? Is there a line, however dim, which separates a radical from a liberal?

In at least three cases this reviewer would argue that the label of radical has been stretched too thin to have any real meaning. An able, scholarly essay by the Argentine sociologist Gino Germani ("Mass Immigration and Modernization in Argentina") analyzes the acculturation of foreigners but does not make any connection between this development and radical or nationalist movements. The essay is informative and worth reading. For the purposes of a reader on radicalism, however, it would seem that something by the economist Gustavo Polit, for example, on the power structure of Argentina would be more to the point. Raúl Prebisch and Paul N. Rosenstein-Rodan both call for reforms and restructuring of the economies of Latin America. Yet, both use the term "restructure" for measures to make private enterprise capitalism work more effectively; they certainly do not interpret it as fundamentally changing the economic system or making basic alterations in the power structure (except as long-range results). I would classify both arguments as fairly traditional, and not radical in either the Latin or North American sense of the term. Perhaps these essays were included to provide a contrasting background for the solidly radical analyses provided by such men as Rodolfo Stavenhagen, Pablo González-Casanova, Salvador de la Plaza, Manuel Maldonado-Denis, and Hélio Jaguaribe.

John Gerassi includes only revolutionaries in his section, "The Political-Activist Pivot." Three of the writers have been killed as a result of their activities as guerrillas—Che Guevara, Fabricio Ojeda, and Camilo Torres Restrepo—and another, Regis Debray, is in prison. The activist credentials of all are well established. In fact, the

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editor is quite blunt in his assertion that one cannot be a genuine radical unless one is also an active revolutionary. Perhaps this formulation confuses tactics and goals, and draws the definition of radicalism much too thinly. Following the logic of the purist argument, the only persons who can truly claim to be revolutionaries are those who have joined guerrilla bands; "deeds not words" according to the OLAS Declaration of August, 1967.

Several of the selections in this section are specific calls to revolutionary action, and even the more analytical essays include similar declarations. Since all selections basically share the same point of view, there is a fair amount of repetition of arguments and rhetoric. Gerassi's two contributions help to provide some variety. His introduction is a complete and unrelenting damnation of U.S. foreign policy since 1823, which asserts the absolute primacy of economic interest groups in the policy-making process. His discussion of the OLAS Conference of 1967 illuminates in striking terms the growing gulf between the Communist parties of Latin America and the revolutionaries.

Section I ("Socioeconomic Pivot," edited by Horowitz) contains some of the best interpretive essays in the volume. In his introduction, the editor bases his interpretation of the political sociology of Latin America on what he terms the "norm of illegitimacy." This he defines as, "the perception of the state as primarily a power agency which is cemented by a common reliance on illegal means to rotate either the holders of power or the rules under which power is exercised." The preservation of this norm is now guaranteed by the imperial system of the United States which manipulates it to preserve the interests of the United States. This is acceptable to the power groups in Latin America, since it preserves their position. Using a less theoretical approach, Celso Furtado specifically demonstrates the limitations placed upon self-determination by the United States. Furtado rightly argues that the sophisticated U.S. definition of "security" goes far beyond defense, and is an inseparable part of economic, ideological and political hegemony. Thus, any change in the socioeconomic system of a Latin American country becomes a "threat" to the United States, since U.S. officials believe that the *status quo* is necessary for hegemony. John Saxe-Fernandez presents a specific example of the tactics of hegemony in a detailed essay on the Central American Defense Council.

Rodolfo Stavenhagen and Pablo González-Casanova stress the phenomena of "internal colonialism," especially the urban vs. rural aspect. As Stavenhagen notes, this is not a conflict between new (industrial) and traditional (landed) upper classes. The two are allies in maintaining the *status quo* which benefits both groups. Horowitz looks at the urban-rural problem from a slightly different perspective. He argues that the urban sector is "a center of reform," but that the rural sector is the center of both reaction and revolution. In the short run, urbanization will lessen the chances for revolution. If, however, urban-based reformers fail to promote social change (and Horowitz is equivocal regarding their chances for success) then the cities will become the "essential proving grounds" for change based on social revolution.

The second section of the book (edited by de Castro) is entitled, "The Nationalist Pivot." Most of the essays do concentrate on single countries, but the nationalist aspect keeps blending into the socioeconomic. The introductory essay in fact would fit very well in the first section, since it concentrates on the role of U.S. business in the Latin American economy. More specifically, Fred Goff and Michael Locker set the 20th century U.S. involvement in the Dominican Republic against a backdrop of interlocking government-business connections. In a well researched essay they show the intimate relationship between the political, economic and military aspects of U.S. policy, and the important role played by "political and economic forces within American society." Salvador de la Plaza analyzes the relationship between foreign control of the oil industry in Venezuela and the problems of overall national development. Here again the emphasis is upon the role of the United States in preserving the socioeconomic *status quo*.

Bo Anderson and James D. Cockcroft break new, interpretive ground in their discussion of "Control and Cooptation in Mexican Politics." They show the skill with which the leaders of the dominant party have maintained political stability by utilizing control and cooptation to balance diverse interests and goals. The result "provides an example of a complicated system of exchanges between interest groups and an oligarchy that provides decisive and sometimes rather ruthless leadership." In his essay on "Political Strategies of National Development in Brazil," Hélio Jaguaribe analyzes the attempts to create a similar system in that country, and the reasons underlying the growing list of failures. Concerning the present situation he concludes: "The military will have to either return power to political parties and the social forces represented through them, or they will have to change in an essential form the orientation of their regime."

A final essay by Eduardo Frei Montalva, the President of Chile, calls for a revitalization of the Alliance for Progress, and its ideological identification with the "more progressive groups in Latin America." Perhaps there was some intention of irony in placing this selection at the end of Section II, since the previous essays by Furtado, Saxe-Fernandez, González-Casanova, de Castro, Goff, Locker, de la Plaza and others, explain rather precisely why the Alliance has not fulfilled Frei's expectations.

The book leaves the reader with the question: which road will Latin America take; reform, revolution, or continuation of prevailing systems? Arguments for the first two are clearly enunciated, but indirectly the third position does emerge in various selections. The predicting of national developments is a precarious game at best, and I have a few reservations about bold proclamations concerning "waves of the future." Yet, there is a kind of historical irony which often follows the attempts of major powers to shape the development of smaller nations.

Perhaps the very efforts of the United States to prevent revolutions and mold nationalisms in Latin America may in the long run produce unexpected (i.e., by the official planners) results. The recent nationalization of U.S. petroleum interests by the military government of Peru is a case in point. Radical action by what appeared to be a rather conservative regime demonstrates something of the unpredictable relationship between nationalism and structural change in Latin America.

THE THINGS YOU DO NOT SAY

Before
Our tongues
Can make liars
Of words,
We stumble
Over the simplest
Feelings.

I think of us
Moving towards,
Away
From language.

I think of our bodies
As a language
Of their own.

I would have you
Translate me
Into yourself.

ADRIANNE MARCUS

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Macmillan's Middle Years

THE BLAST OF WAR, 1939-1945. *By Harold Macmillan. Harper & Row. 623 pp. $11.95.*

THOMAS J. SPINNER, Jr.
Mr. Spinner teaches history at the University of Vermont and has just completed a book about Britain in the 19th century.

Without Hitler, neither Winston Churchill nor Harold Macmillan would ever have become Prime Minister of Great Britain. The second volume of Harold Macmillan's memoirs reveals many of the qualities which helped him climb to the "top of the greasy pole" in British politics.

When World War II began in September, 1939, Harold Macmillan—grandson of a founder of the publishing firm, son of an American mother, student at Eton and Balliol before being severely wounded on the Somme in 1916—was 45 years of age and still a back-bench member of the House of Commons despite almost fifteen years of service in the Conservative cause. His interest in the Disraelian notion of Tory democracy and his desire to find a "middle way" between capitalism and socialism did not endear him to his party chieftains. Opposition to appeasement only furthered his isolation from the Conservative leadership.

Macmillan was not offered an official post until Churchill succeeded Chamberlain in 1940. He was appointed Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Supply—not a major assignment but a beginning—and had the good fortune to serve under Herbert Morrison and Lord Beaverbrook before leaving for the Colonial Office in early 1942. Macmillan's great opportunity came in December, 1942, when Churchill asked him to become British Minister Resident at Allied Headquarters in North Africa.

Macmillan's decision to accept made his future career. For the first time he was able to play a commanding role, to make important decisions, and to recognize and appreciate his own ability. While his own wounds from World War I would never allow him to forget the terrible horror of war, it must be said that Macmillan enjoyed his new assignment in the Mediterranean. Arriving in North Africa in January, 1943, he was promptly thrown into the de Gaulle-Giraud controversy and the Casablanca conference. He worked well with General Eisenhower and Robert Murphy, although there is occasionally a rather patronizing attitude toward Americans—not that we do not sometimes deserve it. Obsessed with the idea that Britain must be Greece to the American Rome, he regarded it as his duty to allow the Americans to talk, while he carefully defended the interests of the British Empire.

To Macmillan, the Mediterranean was a part of the British sphere of interest. He always preferred monarchists, conservatives and liberals to Socialists and Communists—which left little choice between Giraud and de Gaulle—but Macmillan was thoroughly anti-Fascist and anti-Vichy and naturally sympathized with de Gaulle. After tedious negotiations between the two French prima donnas, an agreement was finally achieved but, as Macmillan anticipated, Giraud was out and de Gaulle in full control by early 1944.

Despite the terrible blow de Gaulle dealt him in 1963 when he vetoed Britain's Common Market application, Macmillan can still write that "de Gaulle had, in spite of many faults, real genius. Passionately devoted to France, ruthless where French interests were concerned, insular, half revolutionary, half reactionary, he showed then the first signs of the great career which clearly now places him in the front rank of French statesmen."

By late 1943 Macmillan had been involved in the Sicilian invasion and the Italian surrender. Once again he demonstrated his diplomatic skill and his devotion to monarchy as a stabilizing force. His romantic nature was attracted by the Churchill-Alexander scheme to invade the "soft underbelly" of Central Europe through northern Italy and the Ljubljana Gap, and he concludes that the failure to pursue this idea was "one of the sad turning-points of history." Macmillan never considers the possibility of an Allied rebuff in this rugged region, which might have led to the Russian "liberation" of North Germany, Denmark, the Low Countries and Northern France.

As the Germans retreated from the Balkans in late 1944, the British prepared to rush troops to Athens in order to prevent the Communist-dominated resistance forces—EAM-ELAS—from seizing power. This entire undertaking stimulated Macmillan. He lived for a time in the British Embassy in Athens with bullets whizzing about as he tried to work out a settlement.

The anti-Communist Prime Minister brought back from exile by Macmillan was none other than George Papandreou. But Macmillan fails to see that his description of the British counter-revolution in Greece in support of a

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reactionary monarchy provides additional proof for the argument of the "New Left" historians that the British and the Americans must bear a fair share of the burden for the origin of the cold war.

At this time the United States refused to support British counterrevolutionary activities in Greece; Macmillan makes clear his dislike for President Roosevelt's anti-colonialism. Macmillan thought he had preserved democracy, but he seems to have saved Greece for the repulsive colonels who now govern that unhappy land.

Harold Macmillan was destined to be Prime Minister for a longer period of consecutive years than any Conservative premier in the 20th century. It was his activities between 1943 and 1945 which made his later career possible, and this volume will remain an indispensable source for British policy in the Mediterranean during these critical years.

Macmillan's style is usually charming and pointed, but it occasionally becomes precious and bland. One looks forward to the third and final volume of his memoirs. How was it possible for this tough intellectual and man of action to become a caricature of the tired and ineffective Edwardian during his last three years as Prime Minister? And to be brought down by poor health and Christine Keeler was surely a tragic end for a man who had so loyally served his country—and his class—for so many years.

House Affairs

THE GREEN HOUSE. *By Mario Vargas Llosa. Translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa. Harper & Row. 405 pp. $6.95.*

SARA BLACKBURN

The American publication of Mario Vargas Llosa's widely celebrated second novel will do nothing to alter the general indifference toward Latin American literature which prevails among readers of fiction in this country, and justly so. With Julio Cortázar from Argentina and Colombia's Gabriel García Marquez, Vargas Llosa is Peru's representative to that small party of Latin American novelists whose work is currently enjoying international publication and critical acclaim. Readers of *The Green House* will be surprised that he is only 33, because the novel, for all its grandeur and the continuously dazzling quality of its style and language, would seem to be the late work of a brilliant older man who has stopped caring much about life, and whose sense of humor has been eroded over the years—an aged Faulkner, say, but without the wit.

The Green House is a brothel on the outskirts of a city on the Amazon, and Vargas Llosa uses it as center for the sprawling biographies of the characters whose lives it touches. Among them are its mysterious, half-saintly founder; some members of the hopelessly corrupt army; the Amazon Indians, who are being destroyed by the combined forces of the local missionaries, the army and the area's revered businessmen, and Fushia, a marvelously evil Japanese smuggler, who is literally rotting away as a result of his own malevolence. The setting alternates between the city in which the Green House is located, and the Amazon jungle, inhabited by the Indians, the missionaries, and Fushia. In alternating and disjointed sequences about the origin and lives of some of the inhabitants from both locations—none of them clear without the parallel narratives about their fellow characters—the novel becomes a history of the founding, destruction, rebuilding and endurance of the brothel. Although we learn about its current life from a young Indian servant at the jungle mission who becomes a prostitute there, we are left to piece together its past and to set it in proper sequence from the histories of the novel's older characters.

The characters are connected with one another somewhere in the narrative, for it is what Vargas Llosa has done with time that gives his novel its originality and makes him more than simply a neo-Faulkner. The novel takes place in a single tense which successfully incorporates what happened in the past, and what might have happened then, into an immediate present. The technique is annoying at first and never quite unintrusive, but it gives the novel a richness of texture which is admirable, even if it is often exhausting to sift through. The world of the novel is timeless, and although almost all of its characters are subjected to indignities of the most profound kind, they absorb them with humdrum ease. Their lives are not about to change. They remain, grotesque and static, as if in an immense and beautiful canvas titled "Suffering Humanity."

While Vargas Llosa's first novel (*The Time of the Hero*, published here in 1966) about the brutalities of a military school, was widely discussed as a "political" book about Peru, *The Green House* is only incidentally concerned with social forces. The author seems much more interested in constructing and decorating his ghastly and remarkable landscape than in caring about—or making us care about—who inhabits it, and perhaps this is what accounts for a certain stuffy, old-fashioned flavor in spite of its radical style. In language and construction, it is masterly, but it is finally more exhausting than exciting, the kind of book that professors recommend and students turn away from—a "literary" book to be admired but not much liked.

Gregory Rabassa has made a translator's nightmare into a model of translation at its best: while he is always accurate and true to the Spanish text, he takes great risks and makes them work. He deserves every translation prize going for the accomplishment.

Ski Power

SNOW GODS. *By Frederic Morton. World Publishing Co. (NAL book). 365 pp. $5.95.*

DANIEL STERN

Mr. Stern is a novelist and critic whose most recent book is The Suicide Academy *(McGraw-Hill).*

If an ambitious novel, today, does not raise basic questions about the form itself, I tend to question the authenticity of its ambitions. On occasion a novel appears that, by doggedly multiplying the virtues and faults of the novel-as-chronicle-of-society-and-individual-character, restores confidence in the medium. *The Fixer*, by Malamud, was one such book. Then there are books by Nabokov and Beckett which do quite the opposite. By placing every element of the novel form in question on every page, they transcend its limitations and create a personal art which is a kind of halfway house of the novel: far from Balzac and his miniature societies and too close to poetry to satisfy that deadly hunger to which this infuriating, habit-forming magnificent form has condemned us. And there we hang, distrustful of "social content" in an age when a brilliant para-journalism à la Mailer has appropriated realism for itself—longing for a poetics of the novel that will speak to the sense of strangeness even the least sensitive novel reader feels nibbling at the edges of his life.

This fading away of a secure society as the basis for the novel is at the heart of the problem. It is perfectly illustrated by Beckett's Malone, dying in his room, having, in effect, annihilated the outside world—under the pretext of its having annihilated him. And yet, finally, it won't do. We know there are people out there—perhaps because they cause us too much pain to be ignored. They have power over us and we desire power over

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them. Perhaps, then, it is still possible to write a serious novel about people in society by isolating this one element: power. Just as, in a way, Thomas Mann isolated the element of disease (or corruption, if you will) in *The Magic Mountain*.

That is precisely what Frederic Morton has done in his extremely ambitious book *Snow Gods*. Here at The Griff, the world's most luxurious ski resort in the Swiss Alps, Morton gathers an international cast, much too varied and, at the same time, similar, to be taken seriously. Are we then at The Grand Hotel again? Unquestionably! But our guide, the author, has brought us there to parody such forms of society and art. We are, thus, forced to take these larger-than-life power people seriously.

The puppet master is Perez, the Puerto Rican airlines billionaire. Among the puppets are Walkie Pell, the Negro mime who wears his black nerves on his skin; his hilariously cockney wife, Lady A; Von Elden, an ex-Nazi who is also a major figure in the music world (almost everyone at The Griff is a major *something*). And, there is Ina Lord the Movie Queen, or rather movie princess awaiting her coronation. It threatens to come about via a cooked-up deal to film a musical version of Kafka's *The Trial*, co-starring Walkie Pell and to be scripted by her Jewish refugee writer husband, Kurt Wertberg.

It is impossible to describe the intricate plot that ties all of them intimately together. Morton is one of the most skillful novelists writing today. In his previous novel, *The Schatten Affair*, he sketched a picture of slumbering evil encountered by an American not so innocent abroad, via a German aristocrat. It was a hypnotically successful piece of fiction. In *Snow Gods* his eloquence, and tale-spinning abilities are displayed in abundance.

But, in writing what is on the surface *the* quintessential society novel, with all the jet-set paraphernalia, Morton tends to betray his own intention. That intention is to parody, to destroy in a torrent of satirical scenes, the desperate, hopeless and passionately empty lives led at The Griff. (Not to press symbolism too closely, if *The Magic Mountain* was pre-World War I Europe, then The Griff is the world that has resulted from the post-war marriage of Common Market Europe and affluent America.) By piling on endless details of irony and caricature, where a few would do, Morton subverts his own aim: he gives license to those who would read the book as a terrific tale of high life in which the bad guys are punished at the end in a kind of snowy *Götterdämmerung*.

By giving us so much *information* he deprives us of the depth of his vision. By giving us so many round characters he ends up with a cast of flat characters—each with a wisecrack on the tongue; each obsessed with conquest in one form or another. Morton's problem is an illustration of the novel's problem today. Information about societies—whether in microcosm or in realistic scale, is not only seductive but also, finally, disappointing.

Mere description is now almost automatically irony; particularly involving the rich and powerful. Perhaps what's needed is for a writer as skillful as Morton to be absolutely ruthless with his material, by plunging into the fully developed, traditional fabric he is working from within to expose. But irony withers because there are few surprises left in such material. (Where they are to be found, by the way, he finds them. His Prince Olgenau, who has a plan to create a kind of Alpine Mme. Tussaud's by stuffing all The Griff's guests after death, is a marvelous comic creation.)

Frederic Morton is one of the most serious American novelists. Even when he falls short, as he does in *Snow Gods*, he creates a fascinating fiction. If he would only tell us less—he could move us more—and write the major fiction of which he is clearly capable.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The latest entries of the season are a program of two one-act plays—*Adaptation* by Elaine May, with Terrence McNally's *Next* at the Greenwich Mews Theatre (141 West 13 Street)—and Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam* at the Broadhurst. They are all, in one way or another, funny shows. Yet I came away from them asking myself exactly what made them funny. Laughter itself is perhaps its own justification; the fact of laughing may itself be judged an absolute good. Still, I couldn't help wondering.

Adaptation is the name of a TV game in which a monitor requires the contestant to enact his manner of portraying the seven ages of man. If the player makes a proper adjustment to the proposed circumstance, he is credited with a number of points, according to the merit of his reaction; if he muffs, several points are subtracted from his total.

The responses are very brief. Four actors, all except for the central figure, change roles according to the demands of each episode. All the "answers" are jokes, no matter how catastrophic the moment they are supposed to represent.

Remember Paris Last May?

The posters that capture the spirit of the French Student Rebellion — the Rebellion that brought the DeGaulle Government to its knees — are here!

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They are jokes in the vein of the old Nichols-May improvisations.

There is the one about the father who tries to be a helpful pal to his son, while telling the boy to move out of the way of the television picture he is forever watching. This is repeated to denote that life nowadays is a series of crises only superseded in importance by addiction to television. In fact papa dies at the TV set—as presumably his son will also do in his time.

There is the joke about the cabbie who refuses to drive his taxi where you ask him to go, no matter how crucial your need. There are jokes about politics, sex, marriage, education. Some are very good: the player in a terrible mess about money, social position, marital relations murmurs "It's a hard game," upon which the monitor awards him "twelve points for maturity"—the highest score.

The humor does not consist so much in witty insights as in wry quips of the sort that an alert person at a party of bright folk delivers to the delight of guests who wish to pass a pleasant evening without too close contact. In this fashion they relieve themselves of pressure from whatever is bugging them.

There is a certain "realism" in this. What the sketch comes down to are clichés about clichés. The clichés (agreed-upon interpretations of everyday phenomena) are clever enough, but they tend to anesthetize and flatten one's perceptions and sensibilities. Perhaps that is their function and significance. It makes society—that part of it, at any rate, which frequents the hit shows—seem like a huge bar where people hang out to deaden the sting of experience.

McNally's *Next* begins in somewhat the same spirit, with a scene in which a man approaching middle age, an assistant manager of a movie house, is examined by a nurse for possible induction into the army. He tries to put her off by every possible gag. This is immensely comic although one is in some doubt as to whether it is the author or the actor (James Coco) who is getting the laughs.

Then, toward the end, McNally changes his tune. The man who has been treated as a dumb beast, and who has tried to kid himself out of feeling himself humiliated, becomes savagely indignant. As in a previous McNally play, *Witness* (in which Coco played a similar role), we are shown the deep-seated, festering animosity of the "little man" who has unconsciously come to hate everything to which he is subjected by the contemporary world. He bursts with a hitherto suppressed sadism which needs only another prod to turn him into a killer—in backlash imitation of the very thing that has tormented him.

McNally's intention, and it is worthy, is to launch an exacerbated attack on the mechanics of a civilization which is taken as an acceptable, because inescapable, norm. The flaw—though it should be emphasized that this sketch is one of McNally's better efforts—is that the farcical opening fails to anticipate the final onslaught. One is uncertain whether the stronger element in the author's impulse is to be funny as hell or to vent his spleen. The result is a discomfiting insecurity of style. Perhaps something could have been done in the writing or the direction of the early scenes to foreshadow the gathering storm.

Both these plays present *types*. Individual traits disappear, so that McNally's monster, for instance, becomes both "everyman" and no person. The Everyman of yesteryear was rooted in some honored tradition, faith or profound passion; today he has become a cipher. If we could all be made more aware of this, the May-McNally plays and our response to them might increase in value.

Elaine May has done an excellent job in the trim, deft delivery of her material. She understands "flash" comedy. The entire cast of *Adaptation* is good. Gabriel Dell, an actor of considerable nervous power and intelligence capable of extensive development, is outstanding. If only there were some permanent acting companies of stature in which such actors could work and grow!

James Coco whose countenance is that of the eternal or universal clown is actor through and through. He possesses high visibility. He is sharply expressive not alone in speech but through his eyes and every other part of his body. He is a comedian, not simply in the sense of a funny man; but a *comédien*, by which the French designate a consummate stage personality. Coco was as convincing in the "legitimate" role of the Austrian scientist in Denis Johnston's *The Moon in the Yellow River* as he is hilarious in McNally's play.

Woody Allen is a funny fellow. His long "turn," *Play It Again, Sam* (of which he is both star and author), is about a schnook or shmo, a type which New York audiences readily recognize and greatly enjoy. This harassed young man, having been divorced by his well-stacked wife, is now induced to seek a more compatible bedmate. Marriage and love in such plays are always projected in that vein.

The fun, as far as the plot goes, deals with Woody's abortive attempts, inspired by his idol Humphrey Bogart (who appears as a "phantom" character), to persuade a variety of girls to go to bed with him. When he finally succeeds, it is with his best friend's wife. Though both have a swell time in their one-night encounter, the lady returns to her husband whom she still loves and the hero, released from a delusion of amatory incompetence, proves himself adept at the game.

Allen appeals because he is perpetually hesitant, baffled, desperately inadequate and altogether honest about his constant failure at almost everything that is meaningful to him. Some of his jokes are cheap, but many others are penetrating in their equivocality. He explains,

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for example, that his parents never divorced, though he begged them to do so. There is in Allen, also, a residue of moral fiber and romantic sentiment—tainted and disturbed but persistent. His finest moment comes when he utters a speech of noble abnegation, which he acknowledges to be Bogart's farewell to Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca*, and he adds "For years I've wanted to be able to say that to a girl."

What in addition makes Allen effective is his mask: his red hair stands upright and disheveled around his bald spot, as if in consternation; his glasses cover startled eyes. From his woebegone face there issues a voice always pitched to extreme tension caused by constant bewilderment at perpetual crisis.

The show is smoothly staged, well cast with an array of what I assume are very pretty girls with nice legs. My slight reservation on this point comes from the fact that I was seated in row N which is too far from the front for any reviewer to be placed.

Letter from Germany

LESLIE R. COLITT
Mr. Colitt is Berlin correspondent for the Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. and The Observer *(London). His* The Other Germany, *a study of East Germany, has been published in West Germany.*

West Berlin

Millions of Germans, East and West, are recuperating from a recent evening of television when it looked for a few hours as though the longed-for reunification of Germany was beginning. They had watched as the cameras closed in on an East-German town identified on the program as Dubrow, and located directly on the frontier. In the course of a routine land survey, an East-German cartographer had moved the border a mile to the east. Next morning, the villagers wake up to find themselves West Germans. But are they?

Viewers sat spellbound as an astonishingly realistic story of the German dilemma unfolded. The effect of the documentary-style film was similar to the Orson Welles radio adaptation of *The War of the Worlds* in the United States thirty years ago. Viewers rushed to their telephones to ask the TV station whether the day of reunification had at last come.

Assuming that it had, the program did not show a scene of unalloyed rejoicing. The villagers of Dubrow, having lived under East-German socialism for twenty years, are unable in a day to shed their past and plunge into West-German life. When they were a part of East Germany, they had cursed the collective system of agriculture and yearned for the good old days of private peasantry. But Dubrow's collective farm continues to operate as if nothing had happened. The Communist Free German Youth troop meets, as always, in the village House of Culture under the portrait of a benevolently smiling Walter Ulbricht, as Western journalists record the quaint scene.

Hectic cabinet meetings are held in Bonn, and Foreign Minister Willy Brandt flies to Washington to consult with the President on what has become an international incident threatening the *status quo* in Central Europe. NATO is put on top alert. As packs of sightseers and newsmen flood the village, aggressive Western salesmen elbow their way into Dubrow's virgin market. The opportunity to become manager of a supermarket chain store is dangled before the owner of a Dubrow grocery who has just gotten his shop back from the state.

Bonn's minister of agriculture is alarmed by the thought that the villagers might want to break up their collective farm into individual plots. He knows that only large agricultural units can survive in the competitive European Common Market.

Gradually, some of the villagers begin wandering toward the new impenetrable border that now divides them from East Germany. Confused and lonely, they gaze across the barbed wire toward where their families and friends still live.

Then, suddenly as it had changed, the old border is restored. The cartographer had erred, and the villagers of Dubrow find themselves fenced back again in the German Democratic Republic.

Some 14 million all-German TV viewers saw the program, East Germans tuning in to the Western channel. Conversations with East Germans afterwards revealed they had been as exercised by the film as their kin in the West. An East Berlin student of philosphy said it had fascinated him because of the message that reunification will "never come about in a stroke of lightning as some Germans still dream." It portrayed East Germans as human beings who have become an integral part of another system. "We don't particularly like it the way it is," he observed, "but we want to improve it—a lot."

German reunification remains one of the most loaded subjects in the divided country. Uttered by West German politicians, reunification still evokes an almost mystical reverence from the conservative minded. A growing number of West Germans, particularly the younger ones, question its inevitability, but in doing so they are automatically labeled unpatriotic. Bonn's coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats pays less lip service to reunification than did the Adenauer and Erhard governments, but the taboos remain.

Apart from a relatively small hard core of East Germans, mainly among the elderly, few Easterners see Germany's salvation in reunification. Too many years have elapsed since East and West Germans lived under one roof, and then it was in Hitler's house of terror. One indication of the real aspirations of the majority of East Germans was their show of solidarity last year with the Czechoslovak cause. West Germany's news media portrayed it as a salve to the conscience of East Germans troubled by their government's dispatch of occupation troops, but it was more than that. (East Germans have learned to divorce themselves from the actions of their government.) Rather, it was sympathy

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with the Czechoslovak reform program which held out so much promise for ther own country.

Most East Germans cannot fathom why Bonn does not recognize East Berlin forthwith, and get on with normalizing relations between the two Germanies. They are convinced that their government will accept no other precondition for ameliorating the worst hardships caused by the division. Conversely, they dismiss the rather wishful West German theory that the East German leadership is little interested in being recognized, since that would deprive it of one of its most powerful arguments against the "militaristic, revanchist nature of the Bonn government."

The opposition Free Democratic Party (FDP) in Bonn recently published yet another proposal for a formal treaty between the Federal Republic and the East German Democratic Republic. It goes further than previous proposals to recognize the existence of two German states. East German officials, however, pointed out to me that it does not guarantee the final irrevocable existence of "two independent German states according to international law." Although the FDP proposal offers a real step forward, there is little likelihood that it will be accepted in either Bonn or East Berlin. Influential members of the Bonn coalition have indicated they will torpedo the plan because it "ignores all the plans already put forward by us to East Berlin."

In the end, a decisive factor determining relations between East and West Germany and thus Europe's security will be the attitude of the 60 million West Germans. Will they be able to exert pressure on their future governments (the current one ends with the general elections in September) to strive for a breakthrough in the nastiest and potentially most dangerous form of cold war remaining in Europe? If the press reviews of the Dubrow program are any indication, the outlook is not rosy. One commentator after another found fault with the technical aspects of the film and ignored the real issues presented.

MUSIC / David Hamilton

Peter Maxwell Davies (born in 1934), one of England's leading younger composers, has been engaged in the musical education of children and the performance of new music, as well as composition. Several of his works are available in this country on records: Five Piano Pieces (1955-56; Odeon ASD-645); O Magnum Mysterium *(1960; Argo ZRG-5327); and* Leopardi Fragments *(1961; Angel S-36387).*

Revelation and Fall, *a setting of a poem by Georg Trakl for soprano and chamber ensemble, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation, was performed last summer at Philharmonic Hall and later in Washington; a recording is released this month (Angel S-36558). The following conversation about Davies' career, his views on aspects of the current musical situation, and* Revelation and Fall, *took place during his visit to this country in September.*

DH: Mr. Davies, your name first became known over here in connection with the "Manchester Group." Would you tell me a little about this—its history and function, and what, if anything, remains of it?
PMD: I think precious little remains of it now, but it served a function once. Alexander Goehr and Harrison Birtwistle both went to the Royal Manchester College of Music in 1952, and they had absolutely *no* contact through the professors and teachers there with the sort of music they were interested in—none at all. I remember a famous incident: a certain professor was supposed to take the history class. He didn't turn up on the first day, and Alexander Goehr stood up and gave the class a lecture on music history. Everybody, including Harrison Birtwistle, thought he was the professor—until the next week, when that gentleman actually turned up and lectured. Alexander Goehr stood up, said "But this is all nonsense," and was dismissed and told not to appear in class again.

Birtwistle joined him, and they formed a sort of clandestine cult of their own, together with John Ogdon. And then I met them, and that was one extra to the group, and then we gathered one or two other people in, and started giving concerts of our own. Eventually we gave a concert at the College of Music—of our own works and Messiaen, Webern, things we were interested in. We took the title of "New Music Manchester"—as opposed to the "Manchester New Music Group," which played Poulenc and Hindemith—and we survived for about three years as our own concert-promoting organization. We really looked at scores of Messiaen, Boulez, Stockhausen —things which were then coming out for the first time—and we'd spend, probably, three whole days and nights together, hardly sleeping, just looking at things and finding out how they worked.

DH: What pieces of these people particularly interested you?
PMD: Well, I remember Alexander Goehr's father [Walter Goehr, the late conductor] at that time was doing Messiaen's *Turangalîla* symphony. And we discovered the Second Sonata of Boulez, the *Kontrapunkte I* of Stockhausen, which was then comparatively new, and the latest effusions of Pousseur, Nono and whoever.

DH: Does this music still impress you?
PMD: Rarely, but at that stage it was very, very useful.

DH: In contrast to a number of composers, in England and elsewhere, you seem to have established a fruitful relation with the music of the past. How do you feel about this matter of tradition?
PMD: I find the fight against tradition one of the most stimulating things in the whole of my creative life. Particularly in England—I think probably more than in America—you can't help but be so aware of the enormous tradition behind you. In a way, it's oppressive, but if you use it in the right sort of way it can be very stimulating. If you go behind Sir Henry Walford Davies or Sir Arthur Sullivan or whoever, and go right back and find the thing which really makes it work—right back to Purcell and Byrd and before, to Dunstable, right back to plainsong—and you try to learn how those composers worked and apply this, in some way, to your own situation, and work from that. . . .

DH: You certainly don't agree with those who reject tradition wholesale?
PMD: Well, that's a matter of throwing the baby out with the bath water. You can't afford to do it. You lose everything, and you find yourself cut off from your natural roots. What your natural roots are, it's very hard to say—but you live as a student and a child with certain music (and, for better or worse, you live with certain Pop music, certain folk music, certain church music, certain symphonic music), and you feel your roots in some of that music. For me, this was particularly so of Renaissance and medieval British music.

DH: This wouldn't have been possible twenty years ago, of course; that music was simply not part of the current repertory.
PMD: Of course not, no. It wasn't available. Even when I was studying, one of the reasons for my being so attracted to this music was that the professor of music at Manchester University advised us all *not* to look at music before 1500, because it was "dangerous."

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DH: Which immediately drove you to it?

PMD: Of course! On the other hand, I can quite understand someone who really throws tradition out and works from scratch—a person like Cage, for instance, who must have, when he was studying with Schoenberg, had such a violent reaction against all this that he just felt it wasn't worth while. But I didn't study with anybody who was a traditionalist in the first instance. At Manchester University, for instance, I was studying with people who knew less about music than I did. And I was groping to try to find something in the tradition on which to base my own work. Had this been *presented* to me, I would probably have reacted against it—but in a completely different direction. . . . It's very hard to say.

DH: Were you at that time aware of the work of Cage?

PMD: Until 1957, which was after I left Manchester, I was totally unaware of Cage. That year, at Darmstadt, I came across Cage, Tudor—the works.

DH: How do you feel about the place of indeterminacy in music? I know you use it in a local way.

PMD: In a very local way, yes. As far as my own music goes, it can only have a very limited application, because I have such definite ideas about the musical structures that I want to make—and I am basically interested in musical structure as such, and musical architecture, and the articulation of note in relation to note, pitch in relation to pitch, rhythmic length in relation to rhythmic length, phrase-length in relation to phrase-length (to use very traditional terminology). I have found indeterminacy useful in dealing with young people, with children and adolescents. To improvise and to make their own music in a small group —compose it, write it down, then perhaps improvise on the graphic structure or the sketch—was a very useful thing for them. And for me—I saw how untrained musical minds worked.

DH: But you also use passages of not strictly determined material in your music "for adults."

PMD: Yes, but it really is a very limited application—about as much freedom as a ship going about, and then it's immediately under control again. This is just an extension of a basic, traditional means to an end.

DH: Would you agree that often this sort of indeterminacy is really an evasion of responsibility?

PMD: Well, if you're going to be indeterminate, you're probably going to evade a certain responsibility, I'm sure. But you're going to have to determine *something* if the structure is going to work. Perhaps pitches, perhaps rhythms, I don't know. But in some way you have to define your parameter, so that there are obvious "rights" and "wrongs" which a player can follow, so that he's not going to just feel that he's splashing around in the dark and that everything is possible. Somehow his freedom must be circumscribed; otherwise it's anarchy, and a state of musical anarchy is, I think, totally boring.

DH: Of course, to some of these people boredom is not a relevant criticism. They're not attempting to make anything but a kind of "aural wallpaper."

PMD: Yes, it's the intellectual thing which really gets me, where the intellect is not taken seriously. I find that the more a composer is in control of his intellect—if he's a real composer—the more he can afford to take for granted the validity of what he has to say via the intellect. I just work on the assumption that this is so in my own case, and try to make the musical structure which I articulate as perfect in every respect, as watertight as I can.

DH: What about the problems of getting new music performed in England? I know that you're involved with an ensemble—The Pierrot Players—that performs new works.

PMD: Well, the only way of getting a decent performance, quite honestly, is to do it yourself, or to get somebody who is really in sympathy with your music to do it—and either of these is very difficult, especially where the larger institutions are concerned.

DH: And you don't have the kind of university performing groups that play such a useful role over here. Does the difficulty of dealing with the larger performing institutions affect the kind of music you write—or at least the media for which it is written?

PMD: Yes. I think all of my contemporaries in England tend to write chamber music rather than orchestral music. Perhaps this is a bit unfair, because the B.B.C. has recently come around to letting composers like myself conduct their own works with the B.B.C. Symphony or the New Philharmonia, which they hire for the occasion. This, I think, is one of the most hopeful and healthy signs, which somehow might eventually revivify orchestral music as such. Of course, it's an international thing; orchestral music is dead—it's very much a museum thing, and symphony orchestras no longer have any really viable life as far as most living composers go.

DH: Despite your general lack of confidence in traditional institutions of performance, however, you have written a full-length, full-scale opera. Why?

PMD: That is rather hard to say. I've been writing the opera anyway for fifteen years, and recently finished it. [It is based on the life of the English Renaissance composer, John Taverner.] This is an opera which is perfectly performable by the traditional institutions, and if they don't perform it—well, hard luck. Eventually, I think it will be necessary to create an independent opera group which will perhaps be like the contemporary theatre group or the contemporary dance group, which will do exclusively new opera. This is the only hope, because the opera house, as it exists—and the audience which goes there—is a moribund institution.

DH: Would you agree that the opera audience is worse even than the symphony audience?

PMD: Oh, my God, it is. They're interested in who's singing, who redesigned a work they know, and so on—but it's got nothing to do with living music and

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nothing to do with the new possibilities of drama and music.

DH: What about getting the modern-drama audience into the opera house?
PMD: Well, first of all you've got to have a modern opera. To try to pretend that Britten's church dramas or the operas of Menotti are in any respect the equivalent of the works of Genet or even Pinter is just nonsense. I think the future of the association of music and text into some sort of dramatic presentation is very much in jeopardy, because there's so much commissioned rubbish around—19th-century operas in the most superficial 20th-century trappings, which have nothing to do with the basic problem of expressing the modern experience.

DH: Do you agree with Boulez that *Lulu* was the last opera written?
PMD: Perhaps. I exclude my own.

DH: The last performed opera, then. But as long as the opera houses and orchestras must cater to the "museum" audience. . . .
PMD: Well, I pity any audience which goes to a concert hall in order to have its own prejudices confirmed. Surely, when you go to a concert hall you should become involved in experience as it is, rather than just confirming experience as it was—if you're going to really receive from this encounter with music some sort of a spur, some sort of stimulus, as to how to deal with your own experience. And if the musical encounter is going to lead you much further in dealing with your own experience, then I fail to see how it can only be music of the past. It has to include music of the past—but in relation to the 20th century, the experience of the 1960s. And, as far as education goes, this idea that young people, children, should learn old music first (baroque or classical or whatever) and then be led forward to 20th-century music—I think this is nonsense.

DH: You've had a good deal of experience in teaching younger people.
PMD: Yes, and I've found that if you throw them into 20th-century music, into the music of the 1960s, they find their way. They can compose, in a simple way, this sort of music, and they can do so as readily as they paint a picture which has got some sort of relation to what's going on today in art. They can live with this music; it's their natural experience. They take to it, they reproduce what they hear and add on to that. This really contributes to their development, not only as musicians but as human beings—and that's the most important thing, because most of them, in the situation where I was working, were not to become professional musicians. The block, I think, occurs not with the students but with the teacher; he's very, very frightened of the latest developments in music.

DH: Tell me something about how you came to write this remarkable piece that we heard in New York this past summer, *Revelation and Fall*.
PMD: Well, I was given the complete works of Georg Trakl, the Austrian poet, as a birthday present in September, 1965, and I remember being so taken by this particular prose poem, the first of the *Offenbarung und Untergang* set, that I couldn't leave it alone. I sat up a couple of nights without going to bed, just reading this and sketching out the vaguest sort of musical ideas—where I wanted it loud and where soft, and the instrumentation. Immediately I wanted to use a loud-hailer [British for "bullhorn"].

DH: What about the other special instruments [the work uses a variety of homemade percussion instruments?]
PMD: Well, all of this was determined in those first two nights, because I found in my mind, working with this text, some quite extraordinary sounds; perhaps as a substitute for getting down to finding out what the notes were, I was thinking of the means of achieving the notes when I eventually got them. This, in a way, was a sort of avoidance of responsibility, but I soon came around to that responsibility. . . . I was too worked up about the overall design and the *sort* of sound, as yet.

DH: With your interest in unusual sounds, I wonder whether you have ever been attracted to the electronic media?
PMD: Oh, yes, very much.

DH: Is there any particular reason why you haven't yet worked in these media?
PMD: Yes—the unavailability of electronic studios in Great Britain. The B.B.C. won't have composers in their studio, it's used for effects music only. And there are a couple of private studios around, but these are very small yet, with primitive equipment.

DH: But you have no philosophical objections to the electronic media?
PMD: Oh, no. Particularly now that you have the possibility of changing the sounds in live performance by electronic means, perhaps in association with a tape. I think there is a drama inherent in pitting live performance against tape.

DH: Yes, I have certainly felt that in Mario Davidovsky's pieces—that this competition was a fundamental part of it—and in Babbitt's pieces for Bethany Beardslee. . . .
PMD: Certainly, when you pit Bethany against a tape!

DH: You sound as if that prospect entices you. What are you working on now?
PMD: I've been doing an orchestral piece—actually, two orchestral pieces; one's almost finished and one is just beginning.

DH: Anything you'd like to say about them?
PMD: Well, I suppose they're very much "after" *Revelation and Fall*, and both of them that much stronger, I hope, in sheer internal tension and drama.

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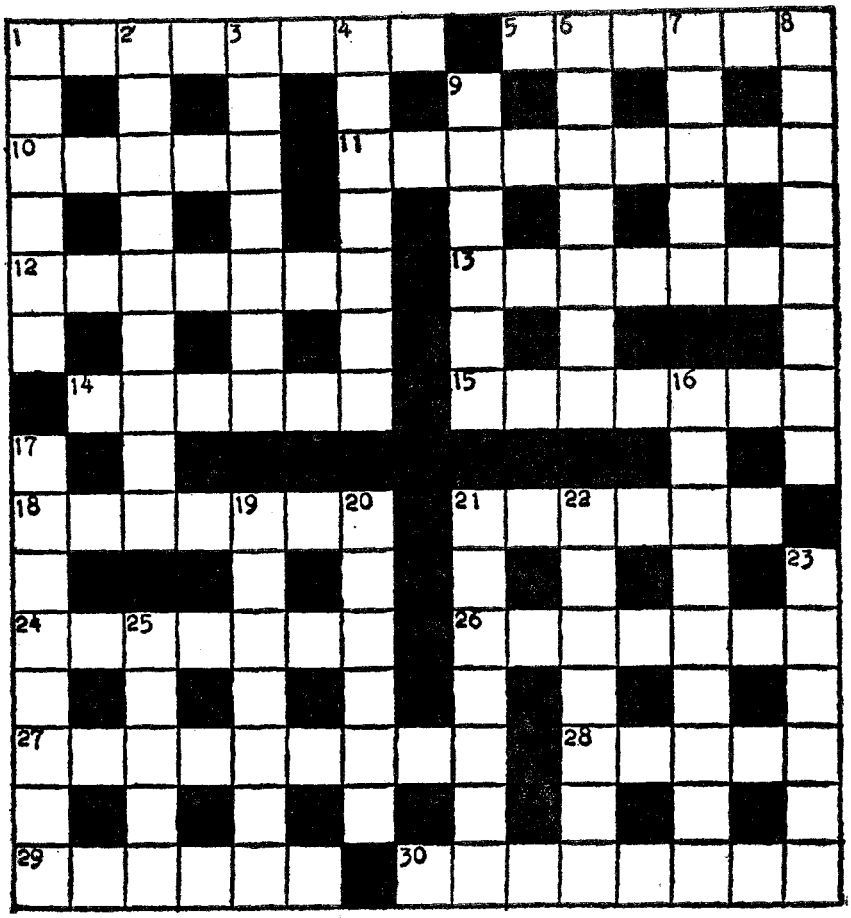
Crossword Puzzle No. 1287

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 He's an apt representative of the 8, it could be. (8)
5 Little this for New York's mayor, as you might remember. (6)
10 See 15 across
11 and 21 across Flea powder might be reserved for traveling in style! (7,2,3,3)
12 What's likely to happen if you're here at the supermarket? (2,5)
13 One might take an oath to be so. (5,2)
14 They might have principals! (6)
15 and 10 across Carried by Typhoid Mary. (7,5)
18 Ready skill, in a manner of speaking. (7)
21 See 11 across
24 See 9 down
26 Listening to a duet in free form? (7)
27 Foreign aid absent, therefore didn't vote. (9)
28 and 7 down When it comes to drinking, 27? Wainwright used to work there. (2,3,5)
29 Not the most recent sled to manufacture! (6)
30 Lighter should describe the boat if you do. (8)

DOWN

1 Blow-out? Quite the opposite, if you get the bird. (6)
2 Contemplated being wanted in a resentful way, when about to yield in weakness. (9)
3 The cut of a noble beast, in a way. (7)
4 Clause, by the sound of it, covering young Britishers. (7)
6 Suggests some lack of belief on the part of the non-clergy, as the plan might be. (4,3)
7 See 28 across
8 The type of bird that suggests a way to polish him off? (8)
9 and 24 across Play that Winnie's friend might have enjoyed. (1,5,2,5)
16 Chambers, when little? (9)
17 One of your parents has to be told more than once to leave for someplace in Samoa. (4,4)
19 Generally descriptive of baseball teams, as organized and seen here. (7)
20 Saw the possible answer to speaking. (6)
21 Does it imply 20 trivia? (7)
22 Hinder, in a sense. (7)
23 Let fall in pieces. (6)
25 Protesters have been socked this way! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1286

ACROSS: 1 Dancing bear; 9, 21 and 25 Mary Had a Little Lamb; 11 Picnics; 12 Telling; 14 Useful; 15 Punsters; 17 Hear, hear; 20 Morals; 22 Release; 24 Indicts; 26 Stereo; 27 Airfield; 28 Draft boards. DOWN: 2 and 10 Anyone for tennis; 3 Chancel; 4 Neat; 5 Bittern; 6 Annal; 7 Habits; 8 Winner; 13 Apart; 16 Terrified; 18 Events; 19 Ease off; 20 Minorca; 23 Error.

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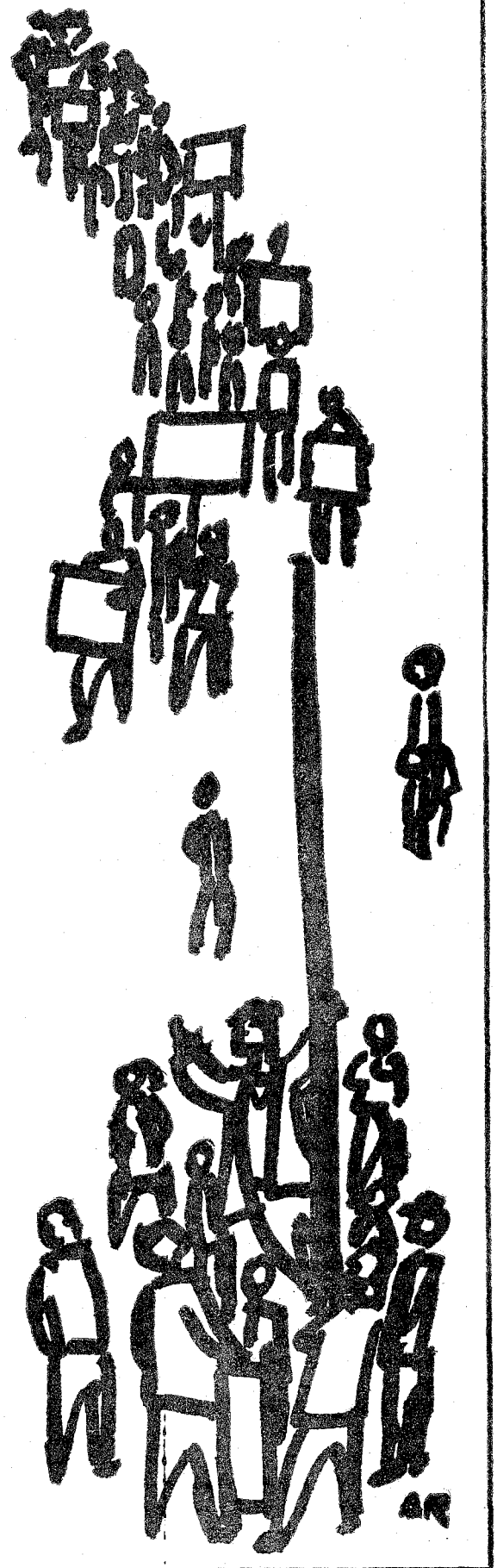

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